MAC
Saturday Review

APRIL 19, 1958 / 25¢

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THE OPEN UNIVERSE

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

SPACE-AGE COMMUNICATIONS

An Illustrated Essay

By Maurice Mitchell
and Saul Steinberg

THE BUSINESSMAN: HERO OR SCAPEGOAT?

By Reynolds Girdler

Leo Tolstoy, subject of Modest Hofman and André Pierre's "By Deeds of Truth." (See page 19)

SR's Sixth Annual Advertising Awards Section

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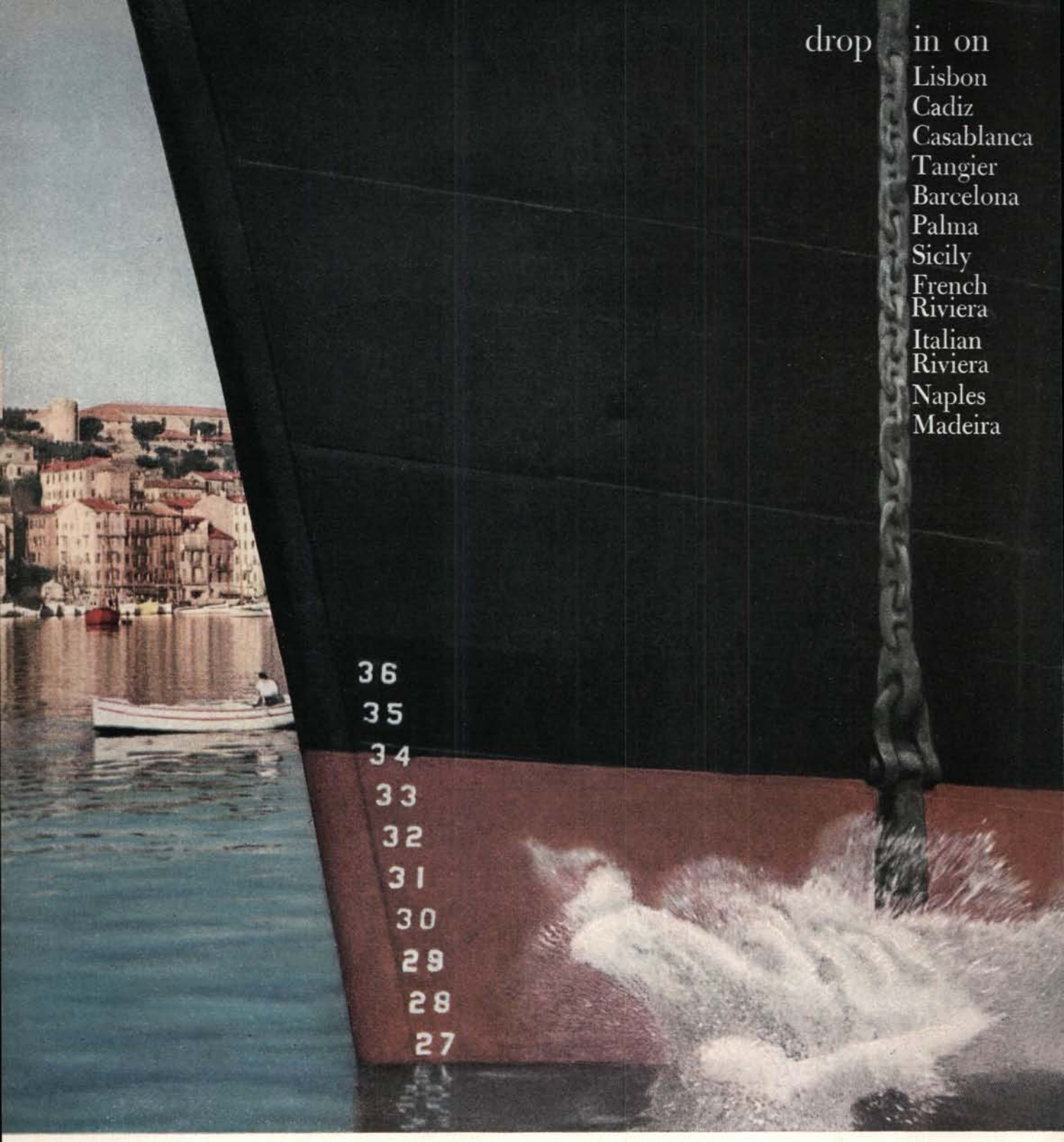

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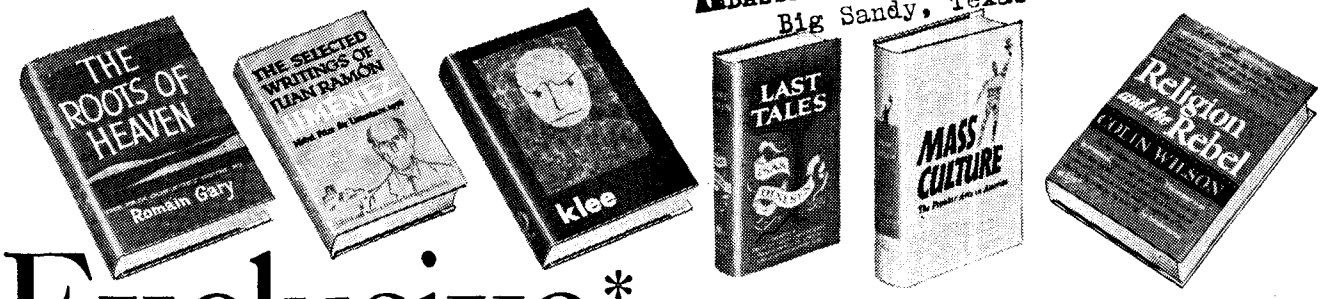

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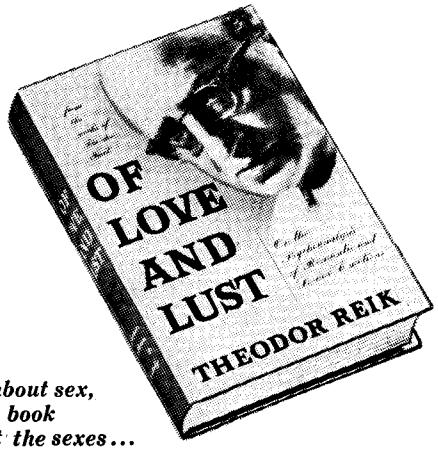

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How Good Earnings for the Telephone Company Benefit the Telephone User

Good earnings provide both the incentive and the means for better telephone service and greater value.

But if earnings are low, and all energies and judgments must be directed to meet the pressing needs of the moment, it becomes impossible to do the best for the long run.

For a practical illustration, let's take a telephone engineer who is figuring out what size telephone cable should be installed to serve a growing neighborhood.

He knows it must serve 200 homes right away. He's reasonably sure also that in another couple of years perhaps 200 more homes will want service. Putting in a cable today that is big enough to serve all 400 homes will cost more at the start.

However, putting in a smaller cable today that will serve only 200, and another of equal size two years later, will cost a lot more in the end.

What will the engineer do?

If the company is pinched for money, he'll have to put in the smaller cable, even though this will be more expensive in the long run.

But if the company is in good financial shape—

If it can readily get the capital required for the big cable—

And if the general level of earnings justifies absorbing the temporarily higher cost of the larger cable until the time when its full capacity is utilized—

Then the engineer will decide to go ahead with the larger cable. Over the years this will save money for both the company and telephone users, and produce the best service.

Telephone people are called on to make decisions like this, day in and day out. In all these decisions good earnings are essential to assure the greatest economy and progress.

There is nothing to justify the philosophy that keeping telephone earnings low is the way to insure low rates.

Such a policy, by limiting progress and long-range economies, leads inevitably to poorer service at a higher price than the customer would otherwise have to pay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Saturday Review

APRIL 19, 1958

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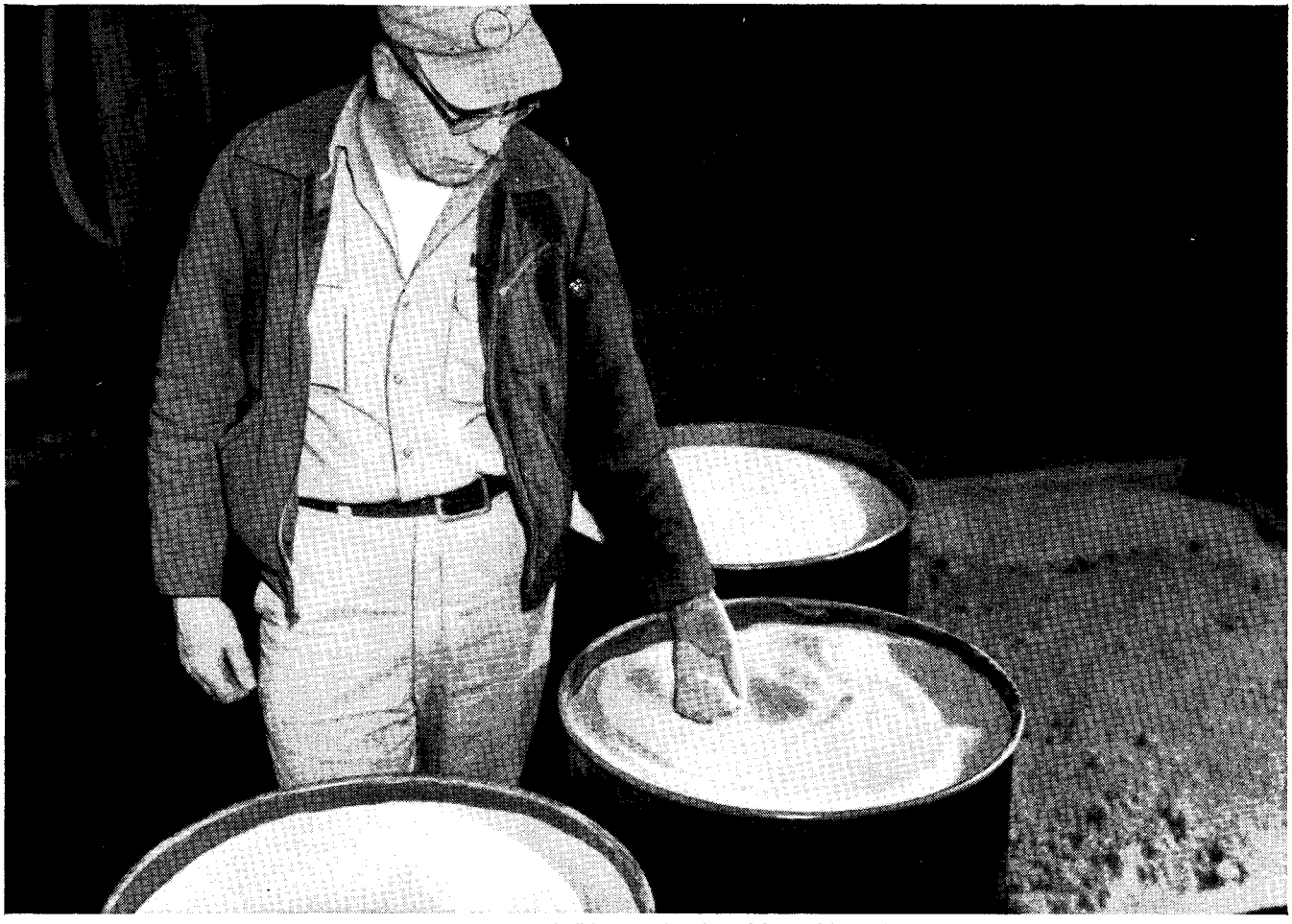

This high-grade concentrate, an oxide of uranium known as "yellow cake," is the end-product of Anaconda's uranium ore-processing plant at Bluewater, New Mexico.

A handful of URANIUM concentrate can make enough electricity to power your home for years

The material in these drums is "yellow cake." Uranium oxide concentrate is its technical name. It starts out as crude uranium ore at Anaconda's Bluewater, New Mexico, uranium mill. And it takes more than 100 tons of ore to make the yellow cake in just one drum.

After further processing, the material will be compressed into ceramic pellets about the size of a pencil eraser. Placed in the nuclear reactor of a power generating plant, each tiny pellet will produce enough energy to run a TV set for almost a year. In the Shippingport, Penna., plant of the Duquesne Light Company almost a *million* such pellets, weighing 12 tons, are in use—and a couple of dozen pellets will supply *all* the electricity used in an average home for three full years.

New uses for uranium are being discovered almost every day. Already *radioactive by-products alone* are saving industry an estimated half-billion dollars yearly.

To meet present and future demands for this wondrous element, Anaconda has developed millions of tons of uranium ore reserves in New Mexico. Through processes developed at Bluewater, New Mexico, Anaconda in a few short years has become the largest producer of uranium concentrate in the United States.

Leadership in the production of uranium concentrate is typical of Anaconda's versatility in contributing to America's growth and progress in many branches of industry.

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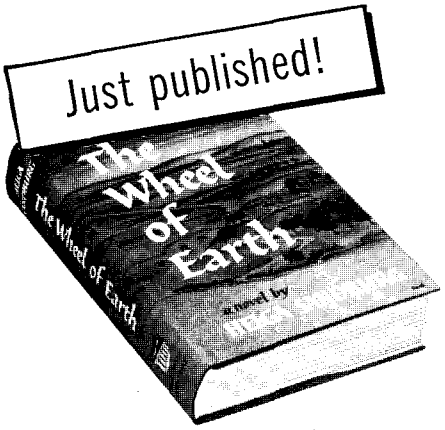

A magnificent novel of human fate and the turning earth

The daughter of the famous poet tells the poignant story of young Ellen Gaddy, the two men she loved and the father whose tyranny she defied. Writing with great innocence, frankness, and beauty, Miss Sandburg explores the drama wrought by nature as well as that exploding out of passionate, pent-up lives. $4.95

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The Wheel of Earth

"It leaves a mark much like a fist on flesh."
—N. Y. Times

This tough, gutty, unrelenting novel is not a book for everybody, but if it's for you, you'll never forget it! It's the story of an ordeal by water, fire, and fear, of what happens to the minds and bodies and emotions of men compelled to look death in the eye, hour after hour, day after day! $3.75

Last in Convoy

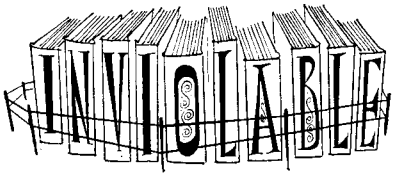
a novel of suspense by
JAMES PATTINSON

McDowell, Obolensky Inc.

TRADE Winds

IT HAS BEEN suggested that the typical classic is an eighteenth-century European novel, translated into nineteenth-century English prose, and rammed down the throats of twentieth-century schoolchildren as "living literature." If so, the boom that is shaping up in paperback editions of classics is even more notable. Saul David, editorial director of Bantam Books, knows that classics have been sold before, but he says that today they are being read, not only by people who regularly read books but by vast numbers for whom Gutenberg toiled almost in vain. The hot potato, however, is whether to edit these great books for the mass audience.

David says: "'War and Peace' is often described as the best known half-read novel in the world. But not long ago, spurred by the success of a motion picture, 'War and Peace' was for some months the fastest selling novel in America. It presumably is



now half-read by millions who had never heard of Tolstoy before. The twentieth-century reader deserves a little more sympathy. Perhaps the publisher's job is to blow away the dust and restore some of the immediacy to those great works. Are all classics perfect or are some burdened with excessive poundage which can be deleted without harm? Are Victor Hugo's lengthy side-excursions into the architecture of Notre Dame, or Tolstoy's into the mysteries of the Masonic order, organic or can they be dispensed with? Is it allowable to modernize the language of Fielding, DeFoe, or Trollope? No one is suggesting that Shakespeare be recast into comic strip form, or that Jean Valjean be turned into an FBI agent, but can liberties be usefully taken?"

DAVID RECENTLY addressed these notions to an audience of 15,000 teachers, professors, and librarians and they blasted back at him. "Leave the classics alone." "Can't we have one aspect of life left untouched by greedy commercial interests?" "There's no difference between abridgment, expurgation, and censorship." "It's a writer's job to write, a publisher's to publish." Opinions went ten to one against abridgment of any kind.

Inconsistently, though, the same people are in favor of new translations. One might expect the purists to demand that the publishers stick to those accepted English language versions in which a book's reputation as a classic was first established. (Proponents of the King James Version of the Bible maintain that subsequent scholarship does not justify revision, for example.) A new translation, naturally, is a modernization of the text. And Bantam Books, in fact, has followed this course with Stendhal's "The Red and the Black," which will soon be brought out in a brand-new "American language" translation—not a jazzed-up, colloquial version, but simply an easier reading one.

David's theory is that an editor's job is to edit, revise, delete, and suggest changes, and that this is true today as much as in the day when the great books were written. There is no reason to assume that the editors of those days were always right and those of today always wrong. "Vanity Fair," according to David, might very well have been a shorter book if publishing costs, editorial tastes, and printing and binding fees had been different. Furthermore, Thackeray might have been just as pleased.

"Suppose," David continues, "that a publisher stumbled upon an unpublished manuscript by, say, Trollope. Certainly, by ordinary standards he would be expected to publish it exactly as found, word for word. But is

that how 'Barchester Towers' was published, without textual editing or rewriting? And let us suppose that some classic author's book was published over his laments and agonies. Should we not therefore seek out in each case the version that the writer wanted and study that—regardless of the merit of the editing? In other words, does committing a manuscript to type fix it forever? If so, it should be borne in mind that what we venerate as a classic may be in large measure the thought of some forgotten

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editor or publisher who has thus been inadvertently enshrined."

The thoughtful and erudite Mr. David has thus brought forward his heavy guns. I am sure Bantam Books' plans are to re-translate and edit what are often considered as inviolable great books. If they improve on them, and millions of Americans turn to them, who can complain? What a foolish question to ask. Mr. David has really started something, hasn't he? He'll hear about it, all right!

THEY ARE STILL underestimating the power of those early morning television students. You'll recall how good books sold by the thousands when they became the subject of a literature class given at 6:30 a.m. on a TV station, catching publishers and booksellers with their classics down. Same thing has happened in Schenectady. Dr. Irving Bengelsdorf teaches a course twice weekly at that same unlikely hour on WRGB. His subject is even more unlikely, Basic Russian, and he recommended that his viewers use a text called "Teach Yourself Russian," written by U. of Kiev professor Maximilian Fourman.

Back before Christmas, when the course was being prepared, Donald Schein of the Mohawk-Hudson Council on Educational Television, its sponsors, asked David McKay, the publishers, to have about 200 copies of the book ready come February, when the program was to go on the air. Everything was under control until the day after the first televised class; by that time Schein's office had received 3,000 requests for the book and the phones were still ringing. They

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 773

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 773 will be found in the next issue.

E XVHK ALWK, KV WVAH HOKHUK GH E DJEAHTHVU EUF CHHF VU ERZ.

—CZEUDRW KJVAXWVU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 772

The higher the flame has leaped, the colder and deader the ashes.
—Olive Schreiner.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

A SCHOOL AWAY FROM SCHOOL

Students majoring in science, like all other American students, have a wild yearning for culture, but, alas, when a student is after a degree in engineering or math or like that, he simply does not have time to take all the liberal arts courses his heart pines for.

And what is being done about this unhappy situation? I'll tell you what: Enlightened corporations everywhere are setting up on-the-job liberal arts programs for the newly employed science graduate—courses designed to broaden his cultural base—for the enlightened corporation realizes that the truly cultured employee is the truly valuable employee.

Take, for example, Lambswool Sigafoos.

A week after his graduation, Lambswool reported to Mr. Femur, the personnel director of an enlightened corporation engaged in the manufacture of cotter pins and wing nuts. "How do you do?" said Lambswool. "I'm Lambswool Sigafoos and I've come to work."

"Sit down," said Mr. Femur, chuckling kindly. "Have a Marlboro."

"Thank you," said Lambswool. "I like Marlboros. I like their filter and their flavor."

"Me too," said Mr. Femur, blinking humanely. "And I like their flip-top box. When my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty, I use it to keep fish hooks in."

"Know what I do when my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty?" asked Lambswool.

"What?" said Mr. Femur, sniggering graciously.

"I buy some more Marlboros," said Lambswool.

"A sound idea," said Mr. Femur, vibrating fetchingly. "But enough chit-chat. Come along to the campus."

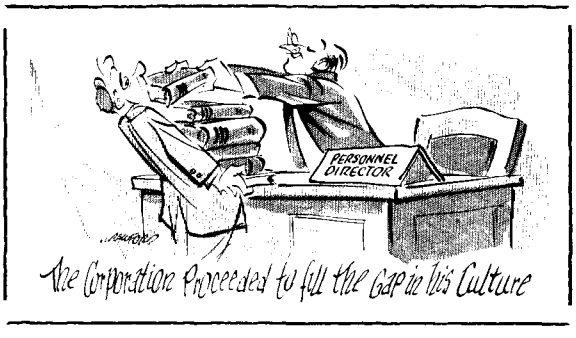
"Campus?" said Lambswool, puzzled. "But I've come to work. Take me to my drawing board."

"This is an enlightened corporation," said Mr. Femur, yodelling viciously. "First you must get your cultural base broadened."

Mr. Femur took Lambswool to the training campus, which looked like any other campus. It had ivy-covered buildings, dormitories, fraternity and sorority houses, a stadium, a deer park, and a moat. Lambswool was given a roommate, a beanie, and copies of the company hymn and rouser, and the enlightened corporation proceeded to fill the gap in his culture.

First he was taught to read, then to print capital letters, then capital and small letters. Then there was an attempt to teach him script, but it was ultimately abandoned.

From these fundamentals, Lambswool progressed slowly but steadily through the more complex disciplines. He was diligent, and the corporation was patient, and in the end they were rewarded, for when Lambswool finished, he could play a clavier, compose a triolet, parse a sentence, and identify the birthstone for every month of the year.



The Corporation Proceeded to fill the Gap in his Culture

His lengthy schooling finally over, Lambswool was assigned to an important executive position where he served with immense distinction . . . Not, however, for long, because one week later he reached retirement age.

Today, still spry, he lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he supplements his pension by parsing sentences for tourists.

© 1958, Max Shulman

Here's a sentence that's easy to parse: Subject—you. Verb—get. Object—a lot to like in a Marlboro, the cigarette with the long white ash, whose makers bring you this column.

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How many stocks should you own?

That depends.

To some extent, on the over-all value of your portfolio or the amount you'd like to invest . . . To some extent on the risks you can afford, the rewards you seek . . . To some extent on the amount of time and effort you can devote to your investment program.

But judging by our experience with thousands of different investors who have brought their problems to us, there's a pretty fair chance that you already own more stocks than you should.

Not that we don't believe you should diversify your holdings—we do. But we'd much rather see you own 100 shares of 10 different stocks than 10 shares of 100 different stocks.

An extreme example, true. But you'd be surprised at some of the portfolios we review. Surprised at how often a few basic suggestions on consolidation can actually increase your income, simplify the job of keeping tab on your stocks, and bring you a lot closer to your investment objectives.

If you have the feeling you may be over-diversified yourself, we'll be happy to have our Research Department mail you a completely objective analysis of your situation, as they see it.

There's no charge for this analysis, but the more you tell us about your personal circumstances and objectives, the more beneficial it should be.

In any event, simply address a confidential letter to—

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couldn't fill the orders and neither, for that matter, could the publishers. But the presses started rolling, and McKay has been busy ever since keeping the Schenectady stocks replenished. At one crucial point the frantic Mr. Schein offered to drive down to New York to pick up a supply of 500 copies, hot off the presses, but was mollified when McKay put them on a direct truck that evening.

Take heart, uneducated America! How many Russians do you think are getting up at that hour to take a course in Basic English over TV Moscow, and taxing to the utmost some publishing house on the banks of the Volga?

A WORDSWORTHIAN AMONG THE PUBLISHERS

By Warren Walker

(One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
—WORDSWORTH.)

From Holt and Crofts my soul, with awe,
Draws mystical elation;
I look up to the Hill (McGraw),
Whence cometh inspiration.
From daffodils on Longmans Green,
From Daisies of Dodd Mead
From fragrant Heath and Dell, I glean
My pantheistic creed.

WHEN JACK SOBLE, the convicted spy, was cut open recently by doctors who removed a pound and a half of nuts and bolts from his stomach, only the very accurate *New York Times* refrained from saying the man had attempted suicide. That paper's reports correctly stated that the operation had been performed and the patient was "doing very well." The other journals jumped to the conclusion that Soble was attempting to take his own life. Soble said nothing. It is very likely that there were some secret messages written on the nuts and bolts, and we all know that after spies read secret messages they always chew them up and swallow them.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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ON THE BEACH

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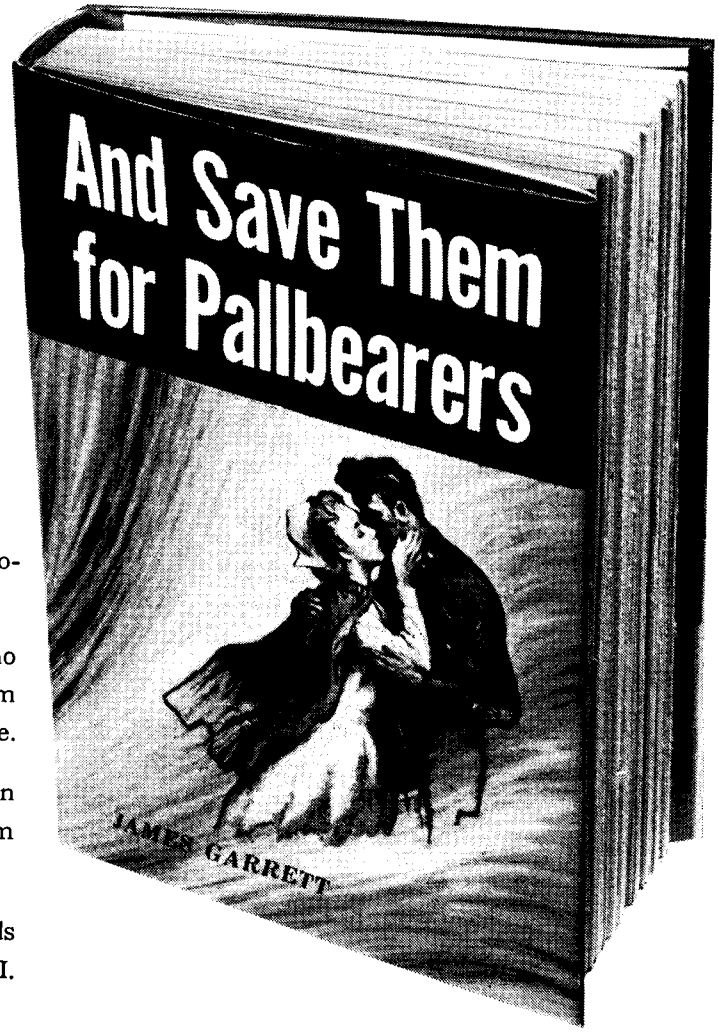

. . . the blood and terror, the sadism and sex, the moments of forgetfulness found only in alcohol and lust.

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Hardly—yet you and most Americans face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes.

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, several million families and businesses escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in yours. They are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems.

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America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 19, 1958

THE OPEN UNIVERSE

In this article Edgar Ansel Mowrer, lecturer, traveler, and political writer, fights off the view that the motions of atoms and the laws of chance domineer over everything in a cold, closed world. He defends the Open Universe, where a cosmic principle of surprise makes free will possible.

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

"Philosophy begins in wonder. . . . And at the end, when philosophy has done its best, the wonder remains."
—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD.

SHORTLY after the explosion of the first A-bomb I was fortunate enough to receive a personal explanation of that almost miraculous achievement from a scientist who had contributed to its construction. At my front door, on his way out, he reversed the charges and began playfully quizzing me.

"What do you know about the neutrino?"

"Never heard of it," I confessed. "Who discovered it?"

"Nobody discovered it, we invented it."

"What for?"

"The neutrino is that missing nineteen dollars that gets into every newspaperman's expense account as miscellaneous. Without it the atom is lopsided. We wanted to balance the cosmic books."

"I see. But who's your licensed accountant? Why so eager to balance?"

"We are trying to hold on to the principle of the conservation of energy. It is getting more difficult."

"Really? But just between us, if you gave it up, what difference would it make?"

His shock was apparent. "Only this —we would then be living in a world where *anything could happen.*"

"How wonderful!" I blurted out.

Then I wished I had not, his face showed such disapproval and distress.

I should have known better. After all, here was a dedicated, highly competent man of science. Where would modern science be but for the assumption, centuries ago, of balanced cosmic books? The existence of the neutrino has, apparently, since been verified. The principle of the conservation of energy, that nothing is ever really lost from the world, has been the key. Without it, scientists would have advanced hesitantly, slowly, instead of confidently. Science would have developed at a snail's pace. For that conception nourished in many the intoxicating hope of ultimately reducing the whole bewildering cosmos to some form of natural law.

Since its acceptance, the principle has been verified regularly—or almost. Observed or assumed phenomena responded—willingly, it would seem—to ever-increasing mathematical treatment. The results justified Sir James Jeans's famous dictum: "The great Architect of the universe now begins to appear as a *pure mathematician.*"

From this it follows that mathematicians may hope to express at some point the cosmic plan in one master formula, intelligible to all who have brains enough to understand it. Obviously therefore, the conservation of energy principle is just about the last thing that scientists wish to relinquish.

AND yet doubts have arisen, particularly since the discovery of the complexity and mystifying force of the atom. The Quantum Theory dealt a very severe blow to any precise sort of determinism. For once necessity becomes merely "statistical" in

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any one detail it is never the same afterwards.

For this and other reasons many brilliant scientists have lost their former certainty about man's ability to get to the bottom of things. No less an authority than Robert Oppenheimer raised the question in what must have been for many young scientists a very disturbing way. He asked:

"Will this world, with its variety, its un-understood numbers, ever yield to an ordered description, simple and necessary?"

The outsider may be inclined merely to answer, "I'll bite. Will it?" but among the professionals are both passionate affirmers and passionate doubters of that great goal of science.

Though the latter seem to be increasing, the history of thought reveals both attitudes from the beginning.

Certain ancient Greeks very early reached the conceptions of limit and necessity, which may well class them among the yes-sayers. Roman Lucretius echoed this view in his poetic essay on the "Nature of Things." Many centuries later, the lens-grinding philosopher, Baruch de Spinoza, literally deified necessity. "It does not," he stated, "lie in the nature of reason to see things as accidental but as necessary." And to this cheerful sage, the necessity he worshiped was not mechanical, as with Lucretius, but the only conceivable object of a wise man's devotion. Few have looked upon life more serenely than this champion of complete determinism.

In one respect, Spinoza's closest modern counterpart was, it seems to me, the late genius, Albert Einstein. I realized this the first time that, as a newsman, I interviewed him, back in 1924 in Berlin. Then, after listening to my foolish questions with smiling patience, he explained that Relativity Theories, far from setting men adrift among accidents, as ignorant people assumed, actually conferred upon them *the full freedom of intelligible law.* Einstein's concentration upon the formulation of a Unified Field Theory was apparently the direct outcome of his unyielding belief in the harmony and uniformity of nature. He could never bring himself —I am told—to accept the final validity of Planck's Quantum Theory because to do so would have collided with his own deepest aspiration. This, as he put it, was as follows:

"The supreme task of the physicist is to arrive at those universal elementary laws from which *the cosmos can be built up by pure deduction.*"

Certainly he never lost sight of that goal. I shall not forget the consternation on the face of Einstein's disciple, a brilliant Hungarian mathematician, when over a lunch near Potsdam he confided to me that the master's first formulation of a Unified Field Theory was "mathematically defective." Einstein, he added, had never been very good with numbers!

But the master never wavered. The vision of the thinker slowly drawing the master plan of the entire universe from his own mind remained with him to the end. He died leaving a new set of alleged universal equations for the consideration of posterity. Among the last things he said, perhaps still thinking of that disturbing Quantum Theory, was:

"I cannot believe that God throws dice with men."

ANOTHER modern seeker for total description is the British astronomer, Fred Hoyle. This greatly imaginative scientist can hardly rest until he finds the law according to which, he believes, hydrogen is continually and uniformly materializing throughout space.

In Hoyle's hands, the ambition to systematize rises to magnificence. He starts with a few observed facts, piles hypotheses upon them, then builds still other hypotheses upon these, each more daring than its predecessors, in a breath-taking effort to describe the nature and behavior of galaxies far too distant for detailed observation. The result is high poetry, no matter how the picture turns out as knowledge. Such great minds make a powerful argument for the possibility of Oppenheimer's "ordered description."

Yet on the other side of the philosophic fence are many, even among scientists, who doubt man's ability ever to crowd the world into formulas. They suspect that, despite continual partial successes, all such attempts will eventually founder either on man's limited mental powers or on some irrationality inherent in the universe.

Similar doubters occurred at an early date. Notable among them was the Greek sophist, Protagoras. A thousand years later in India, the great metaphysician Samkara insisted that cosmic evolution could only be the gradual unfolding of *varied possibilities.*

This seemed to be a sort of anticipation of Henri Bergson's teaching that the life process is a great adventure without preconceived plan. In Bergson's thought, until the *élan vital* has actually brought a new organ into existence or a new species into life, not even omniscience could have predicted what they would be like.

For very different reasons the Italian philosopher, Benedetto Croce, also considered that a final philosophy is impossible.

And modern pragmatists—some of

FURTHER READING: *As Mr. Mowrer states, the cosmologist faces two problems. First, when you apply the standard operating procedures of "scientific method" what picture of the universe emerges? Second, a far subtler affair, how far can you trust "scientific method" or, to put it another way, to what extent does your way of knowing the external world taint your knowledge of it? In the 1950s both these matters are the stages for violent uncertainty and controversy. Probably we are on the verge of a major breakthrough in our understanding of Nature's structure and dynamics.*

THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS. *By Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld. Simon & Schuster (1938).* $3.95. A very useful book for beginners. The principles of "scientific method" shine forth from every page of the masterly exposition; the discussion of relativity theory is particularly fine.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD. *By Bertrand Russell. Humanities (1952).* $3.50. Lord Russell is, of course, a most determined determinist, but his marvelous English style chases away all the gloom.

SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD—*Macmillan (1926),* $4—and **PROCESS AND REALITY**—*Humanities (1957).* $6 *By Alfred North Whitehead.* Dr. Whitehead's prose is more difficult to understand than it looks, but behind the shimmering complexities you catch glimpses of one of the most individual and beautiful world-views of modern times.

STARS IN THE MAKING. *By Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin. Harvard (1952).* $4.25. A straightforward presentation, no metaphysics, of the latest (as of 1952) conceptions of the universe's architecture, with special emphasis on the different types and groupings of stars.

FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY. *By Fred Hoyle. Harper (1955).* $5. The "angry young man" of the New Cosmology explains his frightening model of a universe of "continuous creation," which, if it can be proved, will "open up" our ideas about the world into a new and unexpected dimension.

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them—have boldly insisted that *there can be no answer to ultimate questions.*

It is easy for scientific determinists to laugh at Samkara as a "poet," at Bergson as "just a biologist," at others as mere "philosophers." It is less easy to discredit the crack German physicists, Schroedinger and Heisenberg, both of whom seem to agree with the somewhat less modern Eddington:

"It has become doubtful if it will ever be possible to construct a physical world solely out of the knowable. This means a denial of determinism."

CONCEIVABLY, as time goes on, it will become easier for good minds to believe in a world where God enjoys throwing dice with Man than in one which somebody can wrap up in a Unified Field Theory.

But is not this dispute just a temporary difference of opinion among experts? Will it not inevitably be decided one day by some new discovery which will tip the balance in favor of one of the two views?

Who can say? For the confusion is not due to any absence of facts but to the presence of two different kinds of facts. This situation has been well set forth by Eddington:

"Like most people, I suppose, I think it *incredible* that the wider scheme of nature which includes life and consciousness can be completely predetermined; yet I have been unable to form a satisfactory conception of any kind of law or causal sequence which shall be other than deterministic."

Whitehead, to me the best rounded of modern philosophers, conspicuously left man's strange duality unresolved. "We are in the world and the world is in us. . . . The body is ours and we are an activity within the body."

George Santayana, having demonstrated that previous metaphysicians had not doubted deeply enough, boldly opted for what he called the "animal faith" that the world is what it seems.

Bergson as clearly proclaimed his belief that the biologically late developing rational intellect is indeed a marvelous tool for solving man's problems in the physical world, but totally unable to grasp that inward flow which is the heart of reality.

Clearly, man is conscious of two types of experience. One of them responds wonderfully to observation and logic, particularly mathematical logic, and points to an intelligible world.

The other has its own laws, essentially freedom, spontaneity, and purpose, and cannot be so systematized.

Since both systems are genuine, both can claim validity. In practice, nobody has much difficulty in leaping from the one to the other. Yet they point to radically different worlds and, so long as they remain separate, prevent any final conclusion as to the nature of reality. In the meanwhile, any honest mind is justified in believing either that total experience (which *is* man's world) can be "reduced to an ordered description" in the Oppenheimer sense, or that it cannot.

My own opinions about the universe are far more a slow precipitate of living than the result of any sharp logical conclusion.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

As a student, I threw myself into philosophy as wholeheartedly as others into sport or campus activities. At nineteen I spent three weeks putting together a "refutation" of Berkeley (the only result of which, since my efforts were based upon an absurd misunderstanding of the philosopher's position, was to upset the family household from whose members I brooked no interference during the period of composition). For years I intensively pursued this subject.

In the process I acquired a lifelong taste for philosophical discussion and for the poetry of abstract thought. Conceivably such studies "improved my mind." But my spirits sank from semester to semester. For to my professors, metaphysics was something to be taught as an end in itself. That, I realized, could never be for me. They were content to sneak up on truth, with much argument but no hurry. I wanted solutions, or at least promising provisional answers. And instead, all I seemed to learn was that the basic problems—causality and Free Will, conscious choice and subconscious motivation, being, appearance and reality, process, "inside and outside" (Berkeley), probability, time and infinity, space—limited or otherwise, the nature of the self and of consciousness, lots of others—turned out to be either unsolved or, more likely, insoluble—rationally. There were lots of irrational answers, beginning with the great religions. This was obviously the compelling reason why so many complicated intellects thirsty for certainty have left science and philosophy for religion, with its insistence upon a "Law of God which is Freedom itself under another and more illuminating name" (Toynbee) and the "rational incomprehensibility of the divine mystery" (Niebuhr). But from William James, a one-time favorite reluctantly discarded, I had learned that while there may be

(*Continued on page* 43)

"Well, I certainly turned out to be the world's worst gadfly."

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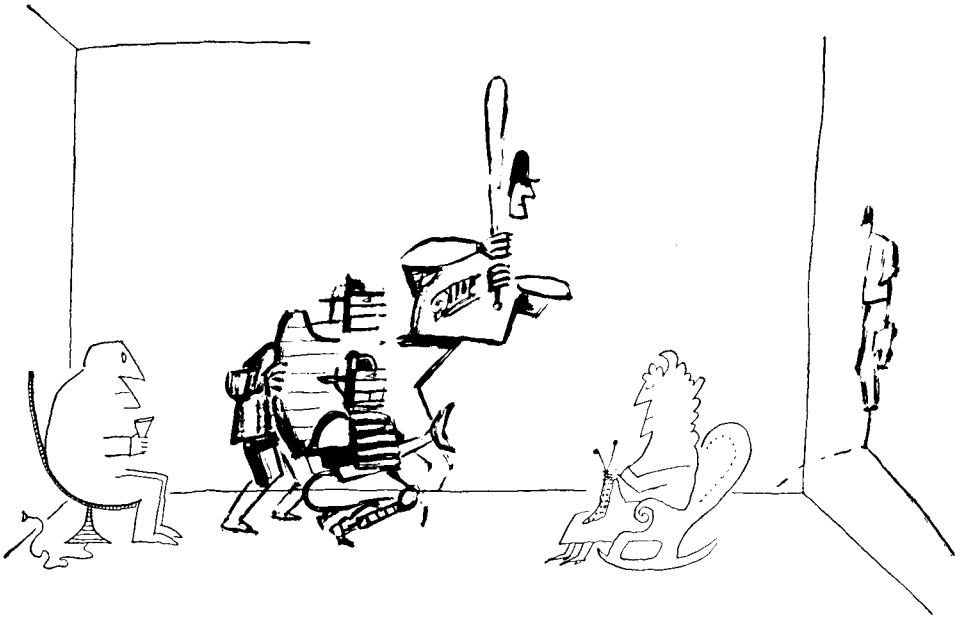
SPACE-AGE COMMUNICATIONS

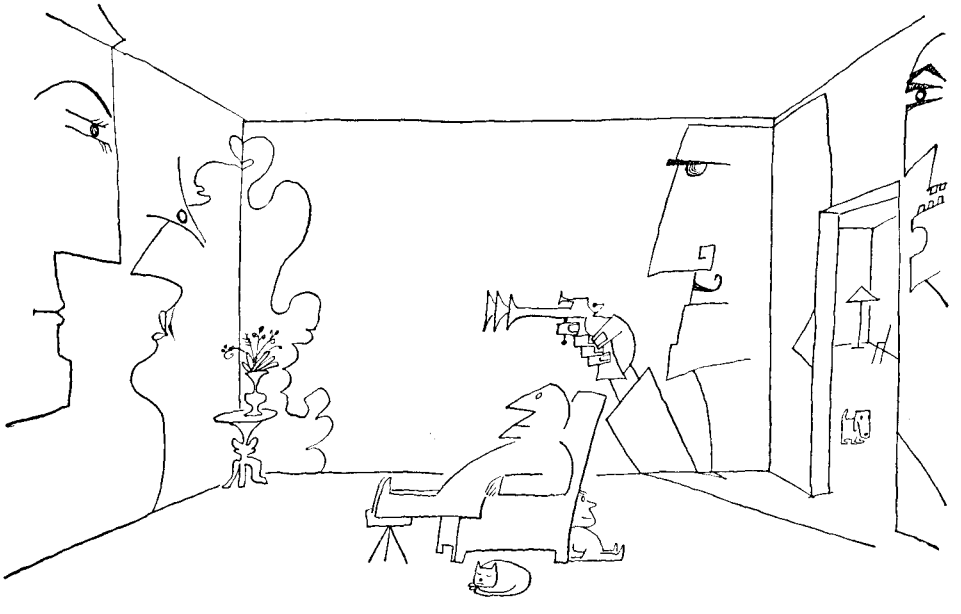
Text by Maurice B. Mitchell, president of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films

Drawings by Saul Steinberg

The average American in 1958 could very well feel that he was living in the one land where tools and methods of communication had reached their peak of development. Little did he know that communications specialists were planning as never before to influence his life. They plan to alter the habits of industrialists and manufacturers, of shopkeepers and professional men, students and teachers, government officials, secretaries and clerks and housewives. Some implications of all this are discussed and illustrated in the 1958 Britannica Book-of-the-Year in the article "Communications," from which the following text-and-drawings are taken.



The principal focus of the average person's activities will be the home, built around a "communicenter." This will consist of a core similar to the central heating system of today, with branches leading to every room in the house and reaching out to the individual whenever he left the house.



The householder of tomorrow will have his choice of movies every evening of the week in the comfort of his own home, and it is largely in this fashion that he will attend most of his concerts, sporting events, and "public gatherings."

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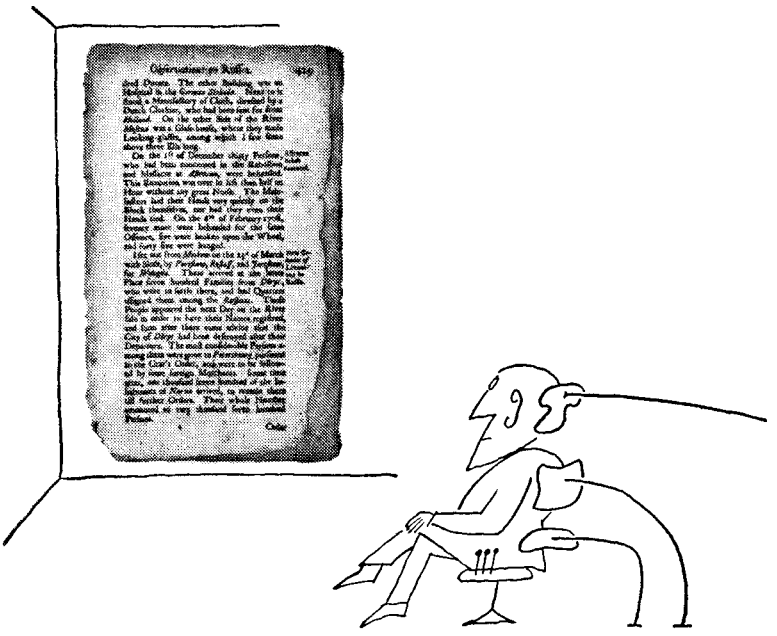
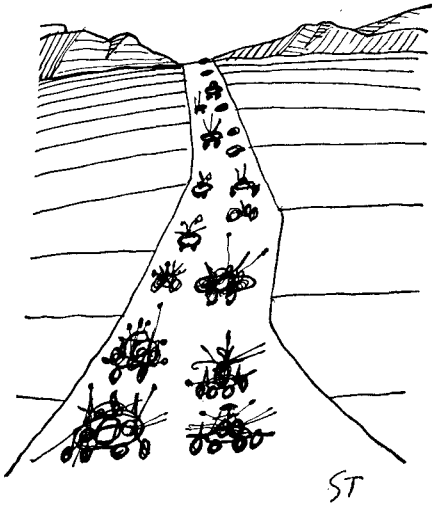
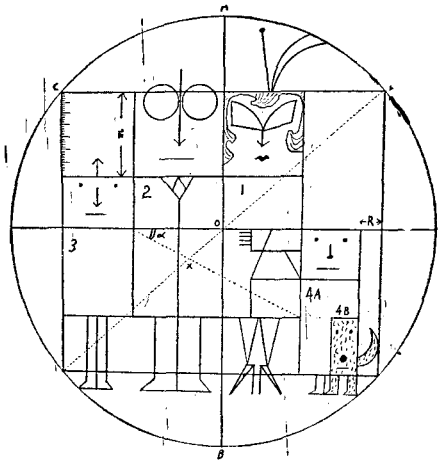
Tomorrow's camera will produce pictures almost instantaneously. Remote-controlled television cameras will go where the eye never could.



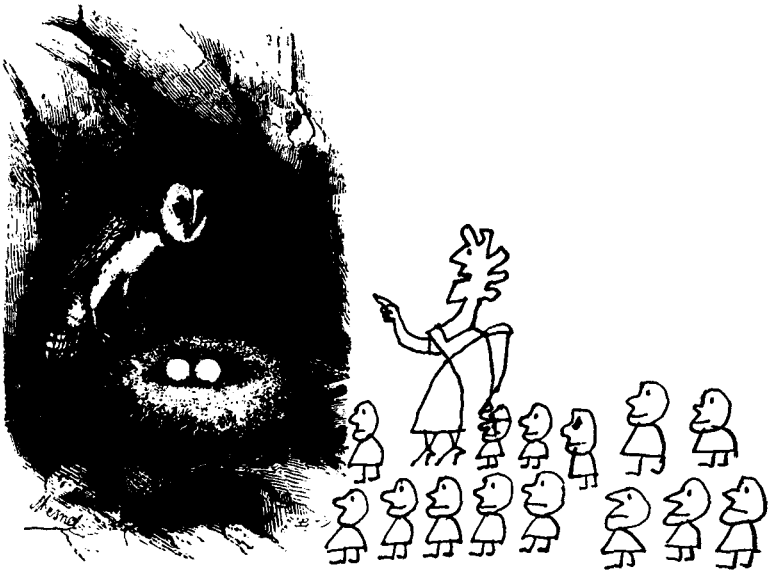
The library in the communicenter may well consist of millions of books. As the great public libraries begin to put their collections on microfilm, people with electronic library cards will be able to view them on their television screens and home microfilm readers. A master library directory in the home will direct them to the "dial number" of any book in the local library, and dialing the number will produce the volume, page by page, on the home microfilm reader. For those whose tastes range beyond the limitations of local collections, long-distance calls will be made on the great libraries around the world.



Tomorrow's car will be completely electronically controlled, and will ride the highway on preset controls.



There is dishearteningly small indication that the great mass of the public senses its ability to influence what it is asked to see and hear. It accepts what it is given and does little to force change or improvement.



From their own classrooms students of tomorrow will see around the world, visiting the homes of children in every country. The great mysteries of science will be unfolded through the magic of the super-slow-motion camera, high-speed photography, and X-ray and microphotography. Most important, great master-teachers will record their teachings on electronic tape. The ability of classroom teachers to work closely with individual students will increase in direct proportion to the amount of work the master-teachers can do in delivering group aspects of instruction to the generality.

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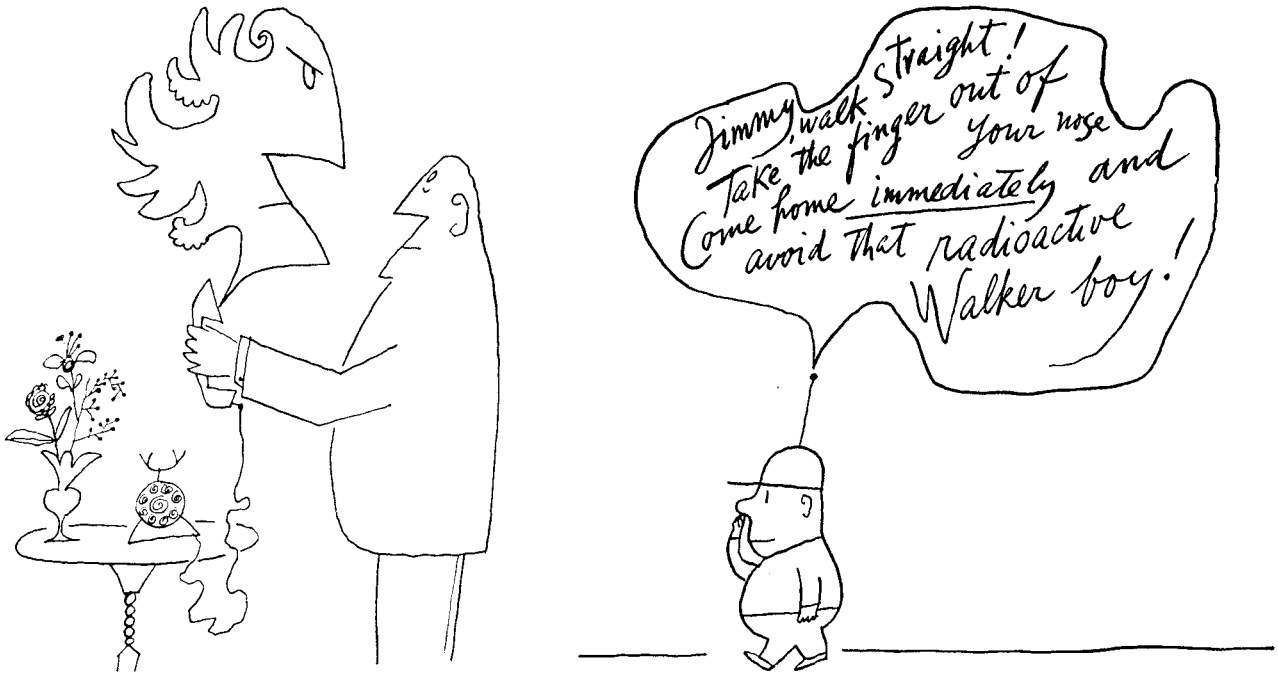
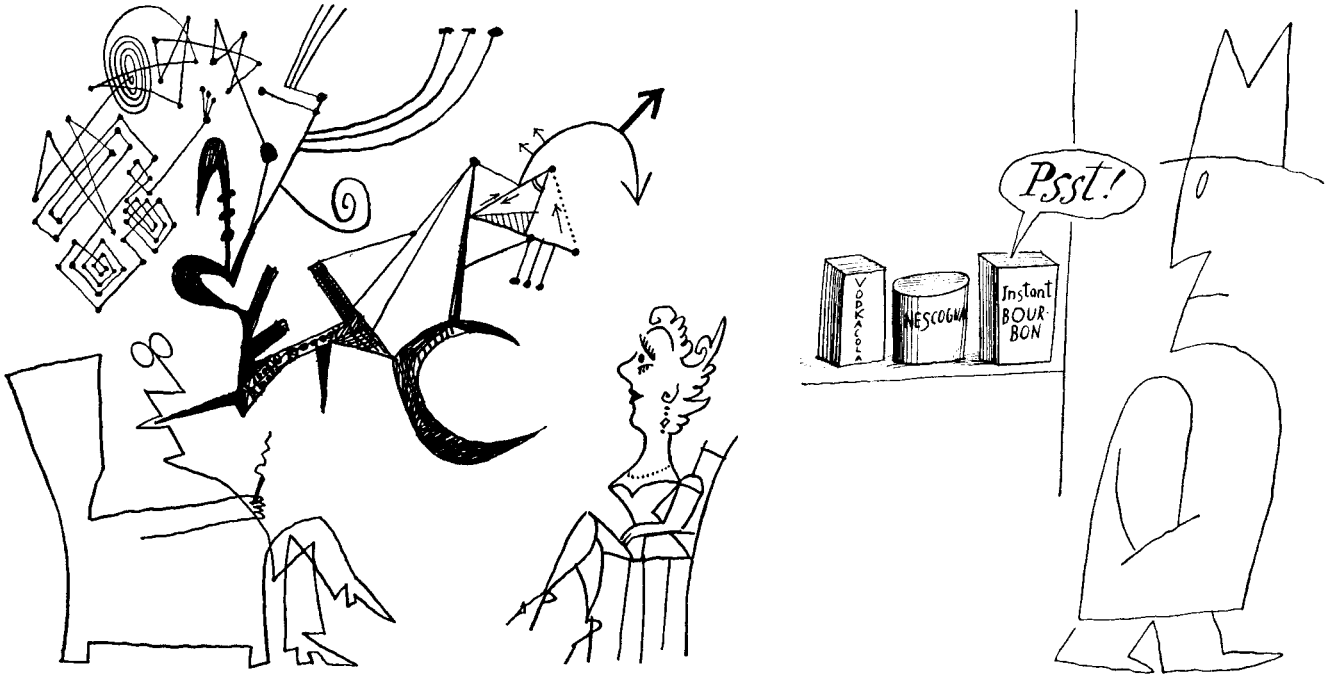


Electronic devices will deliver some interesting and useful byproducts to the housewife. She will cook her dinner without apparent heat, and in a fraction of the time it now takes in electronic ovens. Even now these can prepare a Thanksgiving turkey in twelve minutes without raising the temperature of the kitchen a single degree. She will use invisible electronic forces to remove the dust and pollen from the air in her home, and electronic air-conditioning will replace the familiar window units. Electronic devices will also do such things as eliminate insects, remove dirt without using water, open and close garage doors from a distance, and regulate lawn sprinklers. Electronic eyes will make a photographic record of burglars for the police, and send this image directly to the screens of police cars in the neighborhood, who can then pick up their man out front.



The advanced communications engineer discusses the developments of the future in a language that is almost incomprehensible to the layman. He is dealing with concepts in the field of electronic intelligence that are frightening in their implications. Take the supermarket plan that calls for the use of "information boards" containing schematic diagrams of the entire market. The shopper would push a button labeled for an item she wanted to buy, and a light on the board would tell her where the goods were located and advise her of the fact that they were out of stock or that a special sale-price prevailed. Shoppers passing down the aisles would activate electronic eyes and trigger off dulcet-voiced commercials which will seduce his dollars.

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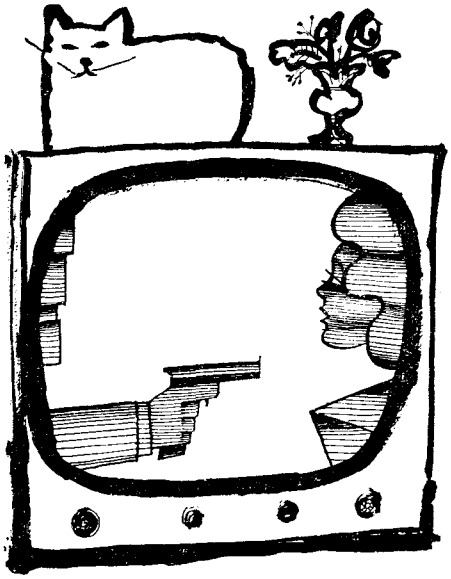
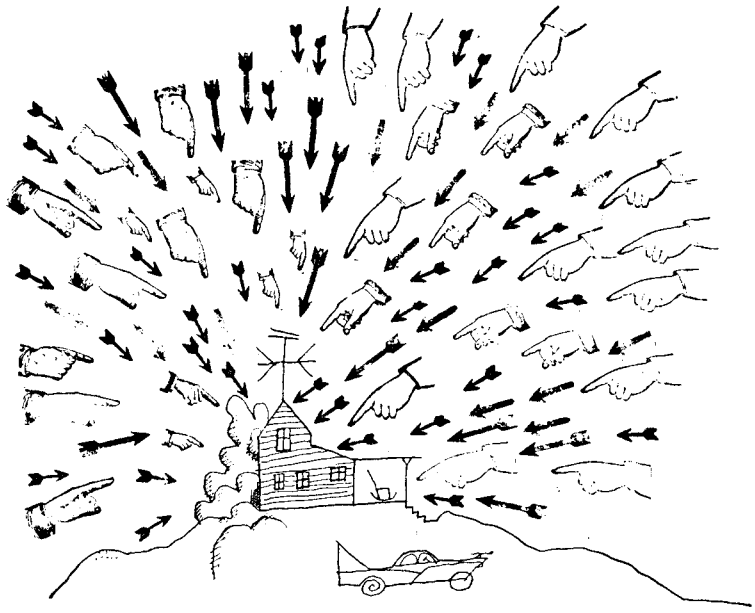
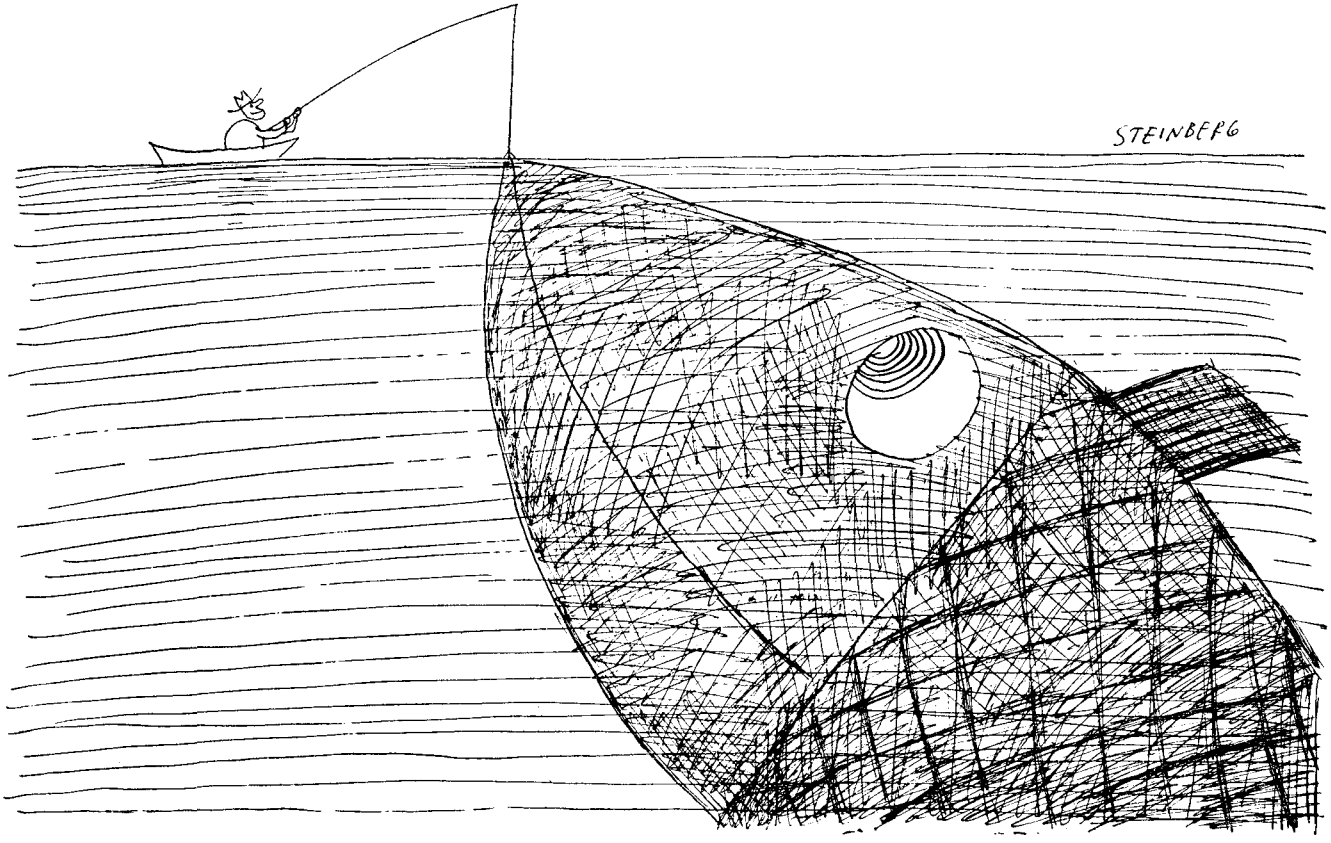


The new communications media are growing faster and spreading more rapidly than the apparent skills of the general public in living with them, handling them, and mastering them.



Out of public control and in the hands of a limited group of specialists, the science of communications can become a monster far more devastating than any atom-splitting devices.



We have not yet become fully aware of the impact of the new communications era on our way of life. We are more confused by it and more inclined to accept it as a phenomenon of science than as a symptom of social change.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Image of War

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS essay in "The Living Novel" Wright Morris says: " 'From Here to Eternity' reminds us that young men are still fighting Hemingway's war. After all, it is the one they know best: it was made real and coherent by his imagination."

The writers of the Second World War had been brought up on the writers of the First. The point, as Morris suggests, is not that they were influenced by Hemingway when they sat down to write; they went into battle with an image of war in their minds that he, more than anyone else, had shaped. In novel after novel that appeared after V-J Day one felt the presence of Hemingway or of Dos Passos or of both.

Perhaps that is one reason why novelists are still writing about the war more than a dozen years after its conclusion: they feel that their war hasn't really been done. The recent novels don't, as a rule, go in for large-scale battle scenes, although Anton Myrer's "The Big War," published last summer, did just that; their authors usually approach the subject obliquely, by way of a bizarre little episode such as Mark Harris presents in "Something About a Soldier" or in a portrayal of the aftermath of war such as we find in William Hoffman's "Days in the Yellow Leaf." The writers seem to feel that the imagination can function more freely if it operates within carefully imposed limits.

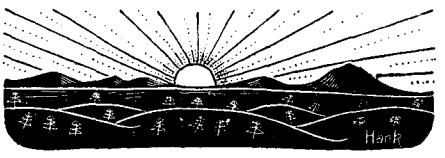
In "End of a War" (Ballantine, $3.95) Edward Loomis has put his imagination to work on the experiences—primarily the moral experiences—of one soldier. The novel must be in some sense autobiographical; the materials with which Mr. Loomis is working can only have come from what he did and saw and felt in the war. But it is at the opposite pole from those novels that present experience for experience's sake. The materials have been acted upon and transformed—"processed" would be Wright Morris's word—and the result is something new.

The story tells what happens to a young soldier, George Leggett, from the time he lands in France in the summer of 1944 until a week or two after the German surrender. After worrying about how he will act under fire, he finds that he does well enough. He has his moments of terror and is shocked by the death of comrades, but gradually he hardens into a reliable soldier. A wound gives him a brief respite in a hospital in England, an intermission that unsettles his mind, but he returns to his old unit and recaptures his old spirit.

His first crisis comes when he has to decide whether or not to shoot a German soldier in the coldest of blood. Here his military duty is plain: the man is an enemy and potentially a threat to the American forces—and to George and his friends—however innocuous he may be at the moment. George does his duty and is proud of himself. But the gratification his toughness brings him encourages him to condone the shooting of a prisoner, and with this action his conscience refuses to come to terms. After the fighting has stopped, he undergoes a kind of moral collapse, and it is only with a great effort that he gains a view of himself that is endurable.

I cannot recall that anyone else has written about war in quite these terms. The distinguishing characteristic of war, as it is commonly presented, is the absence of moral choice. The soldier chooses not between right and wrong but between duty and disobedience, between courage and cowardice. Often enough novels have shown us men brutalized by war, but the brutalization is always something that happens to them from outside, and the institution of war is held responsible. But here in George Leggett is a youth who recognizes the forces that are brutalizing him and is compelled to resist them. Moreover, although he feels isolated by his scruples from his comrades, and believes that he is drawn closer to them when he acts brutally, he discovers in the end that they are not so different from him as he had supposed.

To some tastes "End of a War" may seem too rigorously analytical, but Loomis has deliberately created a character, a convincing character, who is capable of self-analysis, and he develops his story by letting the reader into George's mind at each critical stage. In George's fluctuating relations with Manley and Ritchie and Gallegos, his closest friends, in his occasional experiences with women, in his attitudes towards the camp for displaced persons, and especially in his uneasy friendship with a German family, the quality of his insights into himself are tested and retested. In the end we see George—and there is nothing harder for a novelist to create—as a moral man.



It is almost as risky to talk about war novels as a class as it is to talk about the Great American Novel. There are good, bad, and indifferent novels about war, and what they have in common, their subject-matter, is less important than what distinguishes one from another, imaginative power or the absence thereof. Although warfare offers the kind of experience that is bound to challenge a writer, the experience itself is not decisive. As has so often been pointed out, Stephen Crane had never seen a battle when he wrote "The Red Badge of Courage"—the novel of which the reader of "End of a War" is most likely to be reminded. And Tolstoy, though he had taken part in the siege of Sevastopol, wrote his masterpiece about a war that ended before he was born.

THE First World War left a mark on some of the most important writers of our time, notably Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Cummings. On Hemingway, moreover, the influence of wartime experience was enduring and pervasive, for over most of what he has written lies the shadow of his near-death in Italy in 1918. His imagination has returned again and again to what happened to him on the bank of the Piave, even in a story seemingly so far removed as "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and what was once merely something that happened to him, no different from what happened to plenty of others, has become part of the experience of countless persons.

Edward Loomis is not Ernest Hemingway, but the point is that in "End of a War" he has succeeded in examining experience for himself. It is only apparently a paradox that in literature what is spontaneous is rarely original. When the undisciplined mind lets itself go, what comes out on paper is a hodgepodge of secondhand experiences. As Hemingway wrote a quarter of a century ago: "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something you know; and not before . . ."

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BIOGRAPHY

High Above the Earthly

"By Deeds of Truth: The Life of Leo Tolstoy," by Modest Hofman and André Pierre *(Orion Press. 262 pp. $4), is the biography of one of the world's greatest writers, a man of compelling religious conviction. It is reviewed by his daughter, Alexandra Tolstoy, director of the Tolstoy Foundation in New York, which annually brings hundreds of refugees from Communism to this country.*

By Alexandra Tolstoy

THE authors of "By Deeds of Truth" have not only done a splendid study of Tolstoy's life and writings; they have understood Tolstoy's independent, creative, original personality. The description of his life, especially in the first part of this biography, gives you a vivid picture of the versatility of Tolstoy's nature, his ups and downs, his vanity and his humility, his love for the simple people, the Russian peasant, and for nature. The numerous excerpts taken out of the writings of Tolstoy, his diary, and his letters are well chosen. It is a short biography, but it gives a picture of Leo Tolstoy's superhuman efforts to find the truth, his constant struggle against his strong passions for women, cards, and drinking (which he could not always control), his bitter repentance and condemnation of himself.

When Tolstoy recalled his past, "he decided that he was thoroughly selfish," the authors of the biography write, "while in truth he had need for nothing. He looked endlessly at the transparent greenery around him, the setting sun, the clear sky, and he felt happy. . . . 'To be happy, I lack nothing,' he told himself, and suddenly a new light began to shine within him. . . . 'That's what happiness is. It is to live for others.'" Only love, self-sacrifice, can be satisfied always, Tolstoy explains further, whereas our egotistic desires for material welfare can be lost any time.

One hundred and forty years have elapsed since Leo Tolstoy's birth and nearly half a century since he passed away, and yet the interest in him as a writer is growing. The characters of Natasha Rostova, Andrey Bolkonsky, Pierre Bezouhoff, as well as Anna Karenina, are alive in the imagination of the American people. And it must be hoped that this biography by Modest Hofman and André Pierre will impel the reader to become better acquainted with Tolstoy's writings and his philosophy, which give people a new and a rich field for thought, spiritual uplift, and happiness.

NEITHER a revolutionary nor a conservative, Tolstoy was an aristocrat in his education, ways, and manners; yet he was more like a Russian peasant in his love for physical farm work and the simple way of life. He denied the Greek Orthodox faith, and yet he was deeply religious in his own way. He never thought of himself as a teacher, and yet he had a tremendous influence on the people of Russia.

"We have two czars: Nicolas II and Leo Tolstoy," the editor of the conservative newspaper *Novoye Vremia* said. "Which of the two is stronger? Nicolas II cannot harm Tolstoy, he cannot shake his throne, whereas Tolstoy without a doubt is shaking the throne of Nicolas II and his dynasty."

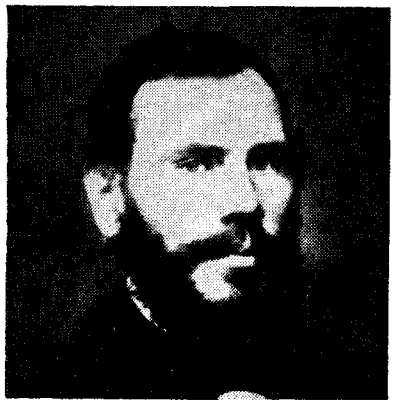
Tolstoy did not approve either of the autocratic czarist government or the revolutionaries. The czar was holding the power by force and violence, the revolutionaries were trying to seize the power by force and violence, he wrote.

WHY did Tolstoy have such a tremendous influence on the people? It was not only because he was one of the greatest writers of his time; the reason was that his ideas, his spiritual conception of life, soared high above the earthly, petty, material interests of men, bringing them closer to the understanding of God and the true purpose of life.

"Life," he said, "is only what is open to us by our inner spiritual consciousness. It exists always and everywhere. Our mistake is that we often consider real life in things that conceal real life from us."

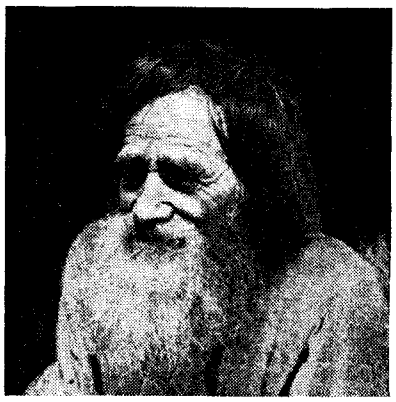
"There are many lies in the world," Tolstoy wrote, "political, scientific, religious, but there is no moral leadership, no religion that guides people in their life, and life with telephones, telegraphs, bombs [now we can add atomic bombs and airplanes], and hatred of one another guided not by the spirit of God, but by animal instinct, becomes more and more disastrous."

This is a deep prophecy, and as I was reading "By Deeds of Truth" I was only sorry that the authors did not give more on the philosophy of Leo Tolstoy, which is so timely at the present moment in our materialistic age.



Leo Tolstoy—was an aristocrat in education . . .

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL: A wretched pitiable creature is man with his craving for positive solutions, thrown into this everlastingly tossing, limitless ocean of good and evil, of facts, of combinations and contradictions. For centuries men have been struggling and laboring to put the good on one side, the evil on the other. Centuries will pass, and no matter how much the unprejudiced mind may strive to decide where the balance lies between the good and the evil, the scales will refuse to tip the beam, and there will always be equal quantities of the good and the evil on each scale.—*From "Lyof Tolstoy: An Anthology," edited by Charles R. Joy (Beacon).*



. . . a peasant in his love of the simple life.

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This Was a Woman

"First Lady of the South: The Life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis," by Ishbel Ross *(Harper. 475 pp. $5.95), tells the story of that monumental personality who was the wife of the Confederate president. Clifford Dowdey, who reviews the biography, is the author of "Death of a Nation," which will be published later this month, as well as "Land They Fought For."*

By Clifford Dowdey

VARINA HOWELL DAVIS was a woman of dramatic destiny who, had she been the wife of a President in Washington instead of in Richmond, would long since have emerged as one of the outstanding female characters in American history. Though her historic place was occasioned by the events which made her the only First Lady of the Confederacy, by any count of Mrs. Davis it could be said, "*This* was a woman."

Born of a privileged background in the newly sprung cotton peerage of Mississippi, a young lady of brains and force, she became habituated to the society of the great figures of Washington, and while still in her thirties she had lived through the birth, anguished life, and death of the Confederacy. Following this collapse of fortune, Varina Davis moved about the East as the nearest equivalent to deposed royalty this country has produced. As an aging widow, burdened with the problems of a neurotic daughter, she earned her living as a writer in New York, and maintained an intimate friendship with Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant.

If a composite could be imagined of all the characteristics associated with the legendary belle of the Old South, Varina Davis would be the antithesis. Oddly enough, this is true of almost all the Southern women known to history. The difference of Mrs. Davis from the average was that she had no gift for the languishing parlor-poses and, in her own day, was known—and not always favorably—for being a poor dissembler. No flatterer, she was opinionated and outspoken, quick to anger and slow to form loyalties. Her feuds with wives of her husband's powerful enemies were forthright and abiding, and, though she had a deep

—*From the book.*

Varina Davis at eighteen—". . . a young lady of brains and force."

sense of traditional social custom, she was incapable of expediency.

She was a large woman, magnificently proportioned and physically impressive. Never called pretty, she was often called handsome, and she must have been beautiful to those who loved her. She brought out, as no one else, the more appealing qualities of her husband and, with all the misfortunes of Jefferson Davis (those inflicted both by fate and by his own nature), he must be counted fortunate to have inspired the literally deathless devotion of that passionate woman.

IN her atypical character, Varina Davis was a mental type. Educated well beyond the standards of her day, she was intensely interested in and knowledgeable of the larger affairs that formed her time on earth, and no one has ever been able to estimate her influence on her husband. Enemies claimed that Jefferson Davis, as Confederate president, was no more than her puppet. This seems most unlikely. She was his confidante and supporter, the only person really close to the tormented man of ambition, but the record would indicate that Varina essentially supported Davis rather than guided him.

In her detailed and comprehensive biography, Miss Ross has adhered always to the record, and has nowhere tried to interpret. She has skilfully used a combination of printed sources and unpublished material, mostly letters, in building a factually supported re-creation of this tragic life. Where she has heavily relied on standard sources, sometimes the story lacks freshness; but, on the whole, Miss Ross has been wise in depending on Mrs. Davis's own memoirs and on those of her clever Confederate friend, Mrs. Chestnut, who, if possible, was even more antithetical to the legend than was the president's lady.

THE most outstanding contribution of the book is its thorough and moving development of Mrs. Davis's life after the fall of the Confederacy. The tendency in treating Confederate characters has been to build to the climax of Appomattox, and then dismiss the remaining years with a sort of "the rest can soon be told." But men and women in their twenties and thirties, especially those with children, did not stop living because their country had been defeated. Far from ending her "long agony," Appomattox began the tragedy for Varina Davis.

Hunted down like criminals, she and her husband were captured by ruffians, both treated to unspeakable indignities, and he, with leg-shackles like a dangerous felon, became for two years the most famous prisoner in the world. During this period Varina worked constantly for his freedom, and Miss Ross clearly shows that it was more her efforts than the often-mentioned soft heart of Greeley which led to her husband's release. From there on, how does the ex-president of a fallen nation, within the continental U.S., support his wife and children? This is the neglected part of the Confederate story where Miss Ross's material is always fresh, and where she is able to project Varina Davis more in her own right than in relation to a controversial historical character.

Since Miss Ross eschews judgment of Davis in his prosecution of the war, and the overstrained president is presented only as viewed by a faithful wife, the war period has the least to offer. But the story is of a life; and, with dramatic propriety, Miss Ross makes of the Confederate years the hinge and not the climax of a life span that, ending in 1906, embraced the transition from a lost America into the beginnings of what we have today. Though it is possible that some nit-picker might come up with an inconsequential error of fact, it seems a thoroughly sound and solid job on a very great lady.

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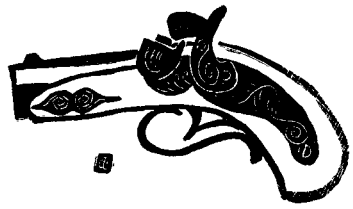
One Man's Vendetta



"Crow Killer," by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker *(Indiana University Press. 190 pp. $3.75), is the gory history of a legendary Montana character who toned up his corpuscles by eating Crows' livers raw. Our reviewer, Dorothy M. Johnson, is the author of "Hanging Tree" and other books about the Northwest.*

By Dorothy M. Johnson

AN OLD Montana legend tells of a man named "Johnson" who, after killing an Indian, took a notion to eat his victim's liver. So he was called Liver-Eating Johnson—and that is as far as the legend goes. The story has become amusing. It sounds like another windy tale, invented to scare tenderfeet.

Now, in "Crow Killer," we see the bloody-bearded original of the legend face to face and find that the story is a grievous understatement. One human liver was nothing. This man ate the livers of twenty Crow Indians in the course of a one-man vendetta that lasted fourteen years!

His motive for slaughter was revenge, but his reason for eating livers is still obscure. This was not an Indian custom that he adopted. It was his very own idea, and no passing fancy.

Jim Bridger, John Colter, Kit Carson—these and a few other trappers are known to everyone who cares enough about the great days of the frontier to read about them. These men had biographers. Until now Liver-Eating Johnson has had none. He has been a shadow, mentioned casually in obscure reminiscences, with most of the details wrong.

However, thanks to the patient scholarship (and admirably dramatic writing) of Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker, he emerges as flesh and blood, with the emphasis on blood. Liver-Eating Johnson was not the kind of frontiersman whose adventures can be prettied up for children's stories or television shows. His story is the material from which grand opera might be made, except that Richard Wagner died too soon. The Mountain Men were the violent, heroic, doomed gods of the American frontier, and their Valhalla was the Rocky Mountains.

Where did he come from, this uncommon man with the common name, John Johnston, this vengeful giant who became Liver-Eating Johnson and *Dapiek Absaroka*, the Killer of Crows? From civilization somewhere, of course. The authors introduce him in 1843 getting off a steamer at a Missouri River port at the edge of the wild frontier. He was heading west, as bold young men did in those days, to become a trapper.

That year he took his first Indian scalp. In his peculiar way, he was sentimental; he kept that trophy for many years, even after he had taken (he said) three or four hundred more.

West of the Missouri a man could not remain a greenhorn. He acquired survival skills or else he died. By 1847 young John Johnston was an accomplished and resourceful trapper, prosperous enough to take a wife, a Flathead girl named The Swan. He built a snug cabin for her and went away to spend the winter trapping.

Returning, he found The Swan's clean-picked skull and some scattered bones, and with them the tiny skull of his unborn child. There was a clue: an eagle feather that he identified as a Crow ornament. Johnson gathered the bones of his dead and the incriminating feather and cached them in a sepulcher of rocks. In his mourning he made a dreadful vow. Before his vengeance was satisfied, he had eaten the livers (raw, if that makes any difference) of twenty Crow warriors and tallied them with notches on the handle of his Bowie knife.

Once the fierce Blackfeet captured him. The most fiendish thing they could think of to do to him was to turn him over to the Crows. But he escaped from the Blackfeet, taking along a leg he carved from his guard. Half naked, he traversed 200 bitter winter miles to rejoin his trapping partner. He threw down the gnawed remnant of human leg and asked with a grin, "How air you fixed for meat?"

The tide of settlement flowed in along the trails of the Mountain Men, and there were towns. Liver-Eating Johnson, older and his trapping occupation gone, became deputy sheriff at Coulson, Montana, where Billings is now. He was the first marshal of Red Lodge. Age and civilization defeated him at last. He died in January, 1900, in a veterans' hospital in Los Angeles. In his middle years he had gone back to the states to fight in the Civil War.

WHAT would John Johnston have become if he had been born a century later? Would he flare up in newspaper headlines for a few days because of some savage atrocity and end in an institution for the criminally insane? With the passing of the frontier there is no longer any room for men like him. The mountains remain, but there is no place for Mountain Men.

"Come right in, folks—the poetry reading is just about to start."

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The Great Grimshawe

***"Splendid in Ashes," by Josephine Pinckney** (Viking. 312 pp. $3.95), is a novel about Charleston and a controversial Southern gentleman whose love affairs were as notorious as his financial dealings.*

By Rosemary C. Benét

THIS posthumous novel may well be compared with Josephine Pinckney's popular and successful "Three O'Clock Dinner" for it has the same quality of making the reader feel a part of the Charleston world, of knowing both the place and the people intimately. We see Charleston inside and out, upstairs and down, old world and new, in relation to one man, John Augustus Grimshawe—the Great Grimshawe—an international scamp, a Don Juan, a "Jack Horner who hadn't got nearly all the pie he wanted" but who certainly tried to get it. This is the story in detail of a man who became a local legend—at times a scandalous legend. A man who stirred up gossip and criticism and controversy in a fixed society, who never, for one reason or another, was out of the public eye, but who never left people indifferent. We see why he was that legend.

We start counter-clockwise in time, with Charleston shaken by the unbelievable news of Augustus Grimshawe's death. We are given the obituaries, the various local reactions, and the speculations about his will. Then we go back some forty years in a changing society to find out why the news was so startling. Always a controversial figure, Grimshawe had a positive gift for causing sensations. He had a "faculty for keeping people curious about his doings, a talent for skating beautifully on thin ice," and a lavish-spending hand that makes him seem like a Charleston version of the late Mike Todd.

We follow the extraordinary ups and downs of his career from bankruptcy and possible fraud in two business failures, on to riches. His visionary schemes take him, always with drama, to life abroad and back home again to the old manse. His house became almost as much of a legend as he, a museum piece full of "Grimshawe-scrimshaw."

His love life was as checkered and varied as his financial one. He and his wife make an excellent contrast of character. In the course of the book, two women stand out, the wife, Carlotta, "that legendary character a lady" even by Charleston standards, and Cissy, his young, appealing mistress. We see his relation to family, friends, and enemies, presented often amusingly and always acutely. Twice repudiated, he returned to be "fed, forgiven, and known again"—and, again like Mike Todd, he gave a great party to celebrate.

The title here comes from a fine quotation from Sir Thomas Browne, "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." Augustus Grimshawe can scarcely be classified as a noble animal. ("But I always get by, don't I?" he said.) What was he? A heel, a hero, a self-centered man, a breaker of tradition? A combination? At any rate, that question makes absorbing reading, and wit and irony go into the portrait. Whether he is all fiction or partly based on fact is another question, and one that will undoubtedly set Charleston on its ears. He is fiction, but he seems real.

It is sad to think that this is Miss Pinckney's last book, for she had a deft hand and a gift for social comedy, a mixture of levity and gravity that is rare and that will be greatly missed. This novel is an excellent example of that gift. At one point she has someone say, "The Grimshawes's affairs had given us blissful diversion from breadwinning, depressions, and taxes. We ought to put up a monument to them on the Battery." We, too, find just such diversion—from depressions and taxes—in her account of them.

Ivy Compton Burnett—". . . bares layer after layer of human hypocrisy."

Tragedy in Teacups

***"A Father and His Fate," by Ivy Compton Burnett** (Messner. 206 pp. $3.50), is another of the author's tales of the deceptions underlying an involved family relationship.*

By Anne Fremantle

THERE is an old English saying that the only person a girl hates more than her mother is her elder sister. But in Miss Ivy Compton Burnett's new novel the three girls, Constance, Audrey, and Ursula, dearly love their mother, Ellen, and their father, Miles Mowbray: it is their Aunt Eliza whom they hate. In all Miss Burnett's astringent tales, since the first, "Brothers and Sisters," published in 1929, she bares layer after layer of human hypocrisy and self-deception, until, under all the onion skins, the essential, besetting sin of each character is revealed: what Shakespeare called "the worm i' the bud." And the lye-like character, who acts as solvent to the great and small lies, is always stretched, Marsyas-like, as a warning both to the reader and to the other characters: know thyself, or, worse still, know others.

Such a one is Eliza, whose son, Malcolm, prefers to live with his uncle and aunt whose heir (since their property is entailed and they have but three daughters) he is. Everyone is rude to Eliza, except her two younger sons, who are rude to everyone else. Miles and Ellen set off overseas, and in their absence Malcolm becomes engaged to Eliza's ward, Verena. Miles

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returns, saved from a shipwreck in which he thinks his wife, Ellen, drowned. Verena jilts Malcolm for his uncle, forty-four years her senior; the girls, spinsters who are economically dependent on their father, rage among themselves.

The relationships are all seen as in a prism, clear, and constantly changing. There are no buffers, none of the usual protections—description, analysis, explanation—against the hard, gemlike flames of reality. Every character's latent dishonesty is seered and scorched by the icy wind of truth. Yet no novel was ever so relentlessly respectable. Nothing could be more hellish than each character's self-inflicted misery: Eliza, widow of a younger son, "hated, as her age increases, by her nephews and her nieces" and her own favorite and eldest son; the governess, doting on Ellen, but, her charges grown, with no reason for hanging around her employer, grown into a silly old goat; Malcolm, waiting for his uncle to die, while watching him first make his girl, then unload the shop-worn goods on him; the three motherless, humiliated, poor and—the reader surmises—plain girls. Yet the surface is unruffled; Everard, the butler, serves Thirkell-made tea, and no word is spoken or written that a girl in junior high could not edifyingly read. Miss Compton Burnett has the lucid cruelty of the Greeks; her novels are taut and tense like the "Hippolytus" or the "Antigone"; her Miles is as horrible, and as credible, as Creon. Yet the scale is minute, the canvas Austenite: only instead of British morality the lowering sky threatens classic tragedy: but tragedy in teacups, and the epitaph is a *haiku*: the governess—from whom, as from Providence, no secrets are hid—comments that Miles may well be afraid of treating this other daughter differently. What lapidary art!

Auditing a Nation

***"The Accounting," by Bruce Marshall** (Houghton Mifflin. 374 pp. $3.95), tells of Englishmen in Paris who attempt to uncover a bank fraud.*

By Jerome Stone

THE Certified Public Accountants have found their chronicler, in case they were looking for him, in the prolific but craftsmanlike Bruce Marshall, whose new novel, "The Accounting," has for its nuclear plot the effort of the Paris branch of a British firm of accountants to uncover a suspected fraud in the records of a bank. The firm's employees are all underpaid and resentful of their rich, incompetent employers, but their instinct for ferreting out a false balance is mechanical, if not unerring, and the air rings with talk of credits and debits.

Against this unpromising background Mr. Marshall has written a novel, both satiric and ironic, which resembles what might have resulted if Schnitzler's "La Ronde" (a daisy-chain of unsuspecting lovers) had been written by one of Britain's Angry Young Men. There are as many assignations as assessments, and the fiscal double-entry is mingled with the marital double-cross. Not Schnitzler (perhaps not even Maupassant) could have arranged a neater turn than Marshall plays upon a doting and pious husband, who is forced into an act of infidelity through his efforts to establish the suspected infidelity of his innocent young wife. And Kingsley Amis could hardly improve such phrases as "Jean-Pierre has a face like a rat and greased-back hair that shone like ice," or the following, in connection with the bleak funeral of an old French employee of the accounting firm: "Dugommier's coffin was carried out and shot into the hearse and his employer's 150 franc wreath hung up like a spare tire behind."

But there is more to the book than a comedy of ill-manners and loose morals. In the midst of this tag-game is slowly achieved a shocking and perhaps not too exaggerated portrayal of the schismatic *zeitgeist* in France which ultimately prepared the easy way for Hitler's panzer divisions. The time is 1933, and the banking house of Shinto and Dunsmuir is called to account for its fraudulent records. Adumbrations of the day not far distant when a whole nation will be called to account and found bankrupt stretch like early evening shadows across the clattering boulevards.

"The Accounting," alternately amusing and sobering, cynical and tender, is an unpretentious, professional piece of work.

Fourteen in '49

***"The Travels of Jamie McPheeters," by Robert Lewis Taylor** (Doubleday. 544 pp. $4.50), is a picaresque tale of Indians and Pale Faces on pioneer trails and in the gold fields of California. Oliver La Farge, our reviewer, is the author of numerous books, including "Pictorial History of the American Indian."*

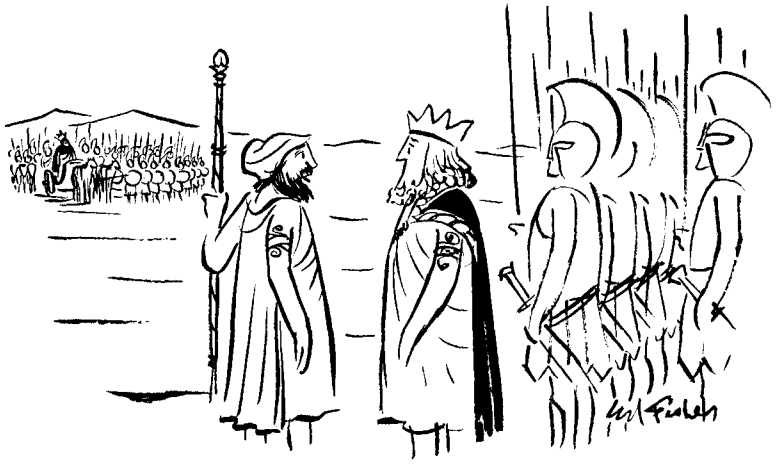
By Oliver La Farge

LET not the size of this novel dismay you. It is a small-scale "Anthony Adverse" of the California gold rush with touches of "Huckleberry Finn," a lively, often funny, picaresque tale that conveys a real feel of what it must have been like on the immigrant trails and in the gold fields, and only occasionally does the story become too long. The publisher's blurb stresses the author's "meticulously researched facts," and he himself appends a bibliography of nigh on to 150 titles, but he is too good a novelist to let mere facts stand in the way of a good story.

Considering the enjoyment this reviewer had from the book, he should not carp at minor faults, but a few comments must be made. On the score of "meticulous research," it is odd to find Algonkian words in the mouths of Caddoan-speaking Pawnees, or an Indian Maiden whom the Algonkian Cheyennes of Minnesota called by a New Mexico Tewa name.

Yes indeed, there is an Indian

(*Continued on page* 42)



"They're holding out for even *higher*-level negotiations . . . Zeus, Apollo, Hera, Mars . . ."

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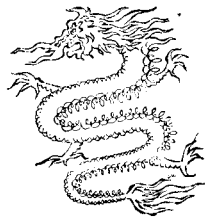
From Dynasties to Dictators



"The Soul of China," by Amaury de Riencourt *(Coward-McCann. 298 pp. $5), seeks to find in China's history the answer to her present-day domination by Communism. Philosopher Lin Yutang, our reviewer, is the author of "My Country and My People."*

By Lin Yutang

MR. DE RIENCOURT is the author of a previous book, "The Coming Caesars," which I have not yet had the pleasure of reading, and which, backed by his own philosophy of history, examines the American past from colonial times to Eisenhower's Doctrine of the Middle East and firmly predicts the imminent trend of Caesarism. In the book under review he has taken the development of China from history's beginnings to present-day Communist domination, and tried to find the answer in the "depth and frenetic power of [a] psychological urge" of the Chinese people. As the title suggests, it goes through the entire philosophic development of ancient China to contemporary intellectual impacts, to reveal the unconscious but characteristic psychological needs of the Chinese mind. More or less, the author sees the failure of the West to capture the Chinese mind through its own atomistic thought, its own split personality between Christian humility and industrial aggressiveness, and its lack of a total, unified philosophic concept; and conversely, the success of Communist theory is due to its ability to satisfy certain deep, spiritual needs of the Chinese mind: sense of Time, a unified historical concept, a rational cosmos (as opposed to the West's atomism), an instinct for collectivism, lack of Western individualism, and emphasis on cooperation rather than competition.

One can and must often disagree with the author's conclusions, but the book nevertheless well earns its title by its depth, breadth, and the sweep of its historical survey. It is in four parts: I, "The Making of China" (an able review of ancient Chinese thinking), II, "China and Asia" (covering Japan and Buddhism in one chapter), III, "China and Europe" (impact of the West—which is carried over to the last part), IV, "China and the World" (which is the longest section).

Naturally, the story of Chinese thought furnishes a complete cycle of social and political developments, including rise of nationalisms, disarmament conferences, alliances and ententes, hegemony of a particular state, a unified state under Caesarism, etc. Chapter 3, outlining the development of legalism out of Taoism, ending in consolidation of the Chinese Empire under a dictatorship, is one of the most interesting. It must be noted that when Confucius was six years old, a scholar, Shu Hsiang, worked tirelessly for the calling of a disarmament conference among the warring countries, with the very interesting result that the delegates from two big states did come to the conference but refused to sit in the same room. Also the development of Laotse's *laissez-faire* into the dictator's interference with everything (you do nothing, but then you must let the law run everything) is reminiscent of the modern development of dictatorship of the proletariat into its opposite, the crucifixion of the proletariat. There is interesting reading in the chapter containing the indictment of the West's failure, through its absence of universalism, which the Chinese craves after having arrived at the monistic, unified view of the universe and all human action in the Neo-Confucianism of the Sung Dynasty.

Everywhere the author shows a penetrating power and familiarity with sources. I am agreeably surprised to come across a mention of even Yuan Chung-lang. The struggle of the Chinese intelligentsia to find a satisfactory solution to replace the collapsed ancient civilization is worth very careful reading.

WITH some of the author's conclusions the present reviewer must disagree. Mr. de Riencourt is perhaps too anxious to find evidences of collectivistic thought in ancient China, which he emphasizes again and again. The stream of collectivistic, Socialistic schemes is pictured as continuous. "In many ways, Chinese civilization remained the only one which, until our twentieth century, displayed such persistent instincts for Socialism and schematic uniformity — except the Peruvian Incas." It should be pointed out that all such Socialistic schemes were imposed from above, rejected by the Chinese people as "annoying," and extremely short-lived, and "Nowhere in Chinese psychology was there any place for real individualism in the Western sense." Such a position can be easily challenged if it implies, as it must imply, that the Chinese loves some sort of discipline imposed from above, and that the present Communist despotism is congenial to the Chinese mind. Communism has come by force and chicanery, as it has come to Czechoslovakia and East Germany. The phenomenon of Japan not succumbing to Communism while China does obviously cannot be explained by such yearning for frenetic submission to state power, but by actual accidents of history.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE. *By C. M. Bowra. Evergreen.* $1.75. Critical studies of seven European poets, by the distinguished Oxford Professor of Poetry, include Andalusian Rafael Alberti and Russia's Boris Pasternak, who are little known in this country.

THE LITERARY SITUATION. *By Malcolm Cowley. Compass.* $1.25. Critic Cowley's report on the American literary scene contains many engrossing and perceptive observations about "new" novels and novelists.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY. *By Harold J. Laski. Universal.* $1.45. An Englishman's appraisal of America's highest office, its responsibilities and its implications.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE. *Edited by George R. Kay. Penguin.* 95¢. From St. Francis to contemporary Salvatore Quasimodo, this extensive anthology presents the Italian texts with English prose translations. More biographical information would have been welcome.

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The Character of Freedom

"The Great Democracies," by Winston S. Churchill *(Dodd, Mead. 403 pp. $6), is the fourth and concluding volume of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." Columbia University Professor Allan Nevins, who has written many historical studies, assesses Sir Winston's achievement.*

By Allan Nevins

THE interest of Sir Winston's series of volumes grows. The second was better than the first, the third better than the second; and while the fourth has great faults of design, it is the most absorbing of all. It covers the history of the English-speaking nations from Waterloo to the defeat of the Boers. The effort to paint so panoramic a canvas naturally results in some impressionistic and superficial sections as well as in magnificent broad effects. Canadians and South Africans will not like the fact that most of their nineteenth-century history is compressed into a single fast-moving chapter. Australians and New Zealanders will be equally irritated by the sketchiness of the one short chapter they receive. Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill does achieve a comprehensiveness of view which is in itself enlightening. The development of Britain illuminates the growth of the six or seven English-speaking nations that by 1900 existed so sturdily overseas; and their rise does still more to interpret and dignify the history of the British people.

Moreover, Churchill finds a better unifying element for his book than the mere fact that the nations he treats were mainly of English speech and English culture. To him the great common factor in their nineteenth-century record is the progress and victory of democracy. Obviously, some of his own tastes and preconceptions are no more democratic than were those of John Adams or Cecil Rhodes. But he is in no doubt that the sweeping advance of democracy is the great essential result of the struggles, aspirations, and convulsions that he vividly chronicles.

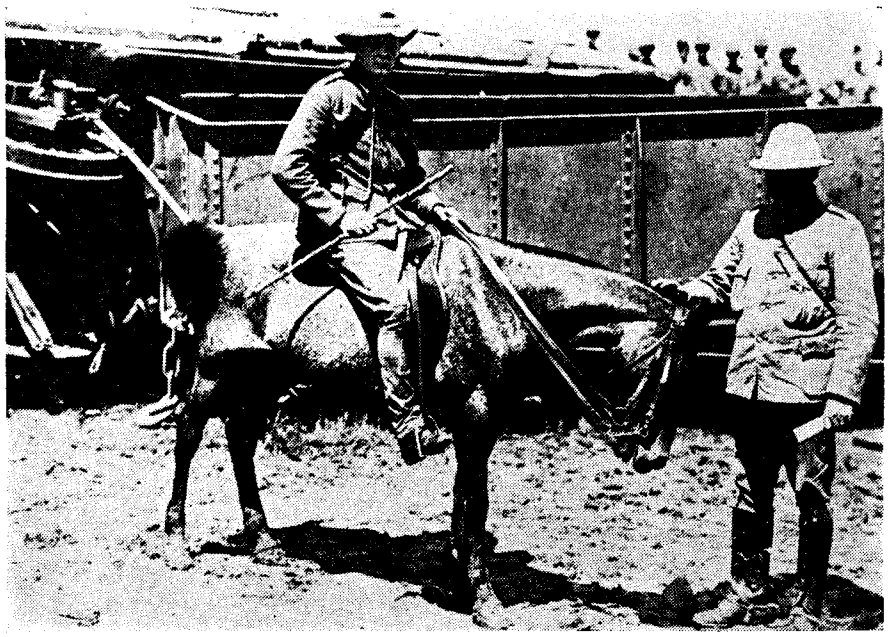
He writes of Jefferson and Lincoln much as John Bright or David Lloyd George would have written of them. He pays warm tribute to the achievement of both Durham and Elgin as governor-generals of Canada. When they had finished their work, "the principle had been firmly accepted by Canadians of all persuasions that popular power must march with popular responsibility." In dealing with South Africa he is severe upon "Krugerism," but generous to the pioneers of the veldt, and he echoes Rhodes's dying statement on the necessity for a democratic partnership of Dutch and British.

Freedom, popular self-government, and the ability of an individualistic democracy to repair its mistakes without irreparable harm—these, and not language or blood, are to Churchill the true cement of what can only loosely be called the English-speaking nations. This scion of aristocracy, this longtime defender of imperialism, is especially eloquent when he recites the triumphs of democracy in his island home. He has words of proud commendation for Palmerston as a friend of liberal causes throughout Europe. He admires Disraeli not so much as an empire-builder as the man who made the Conservative Party face the inevitability of democracy, and who won hundreds of thousands of workingmen to the Tory banner. All this we should expect. But some readers will be a little astonished by the fervor with which he extols Gladstone as a great democratic leader.

If Churchill is a crusading democrat, he is also a believer in the hero. He insists on the power of great individuals to shape history. Wellington, Jackson, Lincoln, Lee, Grant, Joseph Chamberlain, Salisbury—all are treated fully. Especially interesting is his page on his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, whose ideas on Tory Democracy struck no fire in the flint of Salisbury's devotion to Tory Standpattism. Sir Winston has great ability in summing up a personage in two or three sentences. His thumbnail sketch of Parnell, the hate-fired Irish patrician of superb disciplinary power and tactical skill who was undone by his vein of cold ruthlessness, is an example. And he can set off his bits of portraiture by a sharp touch of irony. "Russell in the House of Commons," he writes of 1859, "compared Garibaldi to King William III. History does not relate what the Italians made of this."

Throughout this volume, as in its predecessors, Churchill reveals himself an unashamed believer in the romantic view of history. Not to him do we look for ledger topics, or the subtle analysis of the roots of events in economic and sociological forces; he revels instead in the clash and drama of the most colorful scenes he can find. He is a convinced optimist and meliorist. He is a believer in action, and apparently regards history as the product of an inner urge of mankind for change; change for the better if possible, but at any rate action and change. Nothing pleases him more than iron courage and dauntless resolution, traits which he believes are more abundantly pos-

(*Continued on page* 40)



—*Bettmann.*

Winston Churchill after his escape from the Boers, December 12, 1899.

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Double Disaster

THE Soviet decision to halt its nuclear tests has resulted in two serious defeats for the United States.

The first defeat is the result of the fact that we allowed the Soviet Union to be the *first* to respond to the fast-mounting demand of the world's peoples for an end to the growing contamination of air and food produced by radioactive fallout.

The second defeat—and possibly a larger one—is the result of the initial negative response of the United States to one of the gravest challenges in our history. It seemed puny, petulant, unimaginative.

For what is involved here is not just a routine maneuver in the Cold War that can be handled with the usual diplomatic counter-thrust.

What is involved here is the need of the United States to demonstrate before the world its ability to come up with a dramatic forward thrust of its own on one of the major questions in human history.

For next to peace itself, the runaway nuclear arms race and the threat of radioactive fallout are the most serious problems confronting man on earth.

The approach to this problem involves a supreme sensitivity to human values. It requires the fullest possible exercise of the moral imagination. For our security depends less on bomb stockpiles than it does on our ability to reach people everywhere and earn and keep their good will and support.

The world's people today are worried—as they have every right to be.

They are worried about the obscene competition in creating weapons that can incinerate millions at a time.

And they are worried about the fact that just in the act of testing these weapons there is a real threat of contamination to air and food.

Radioactive fallout, it is now admitted by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, can no longer be dismissed as a negligible danger.

Inevitably, the world's peoples have been increasingly insistent that their basic rights be respected. The principle here is a simple one: No nation has the right to contaminate or jeopardize the air or water or food that belong to other people.

This is the central issue whose implications have yet to be fully understood.

There is nothing unnatural about this indignant demand by other peoples. If we as a nation were not involved in nuclear testing, we would split the sky with our fury over the crass violation of our sovereignty by the testing powers. American parents would demand immediate action by our government to protect their children from being exposed to the danger of the diseases of blood and bone that can be produced by radioactive strontium.

Are we so morally calloused that we cannot understand that this is exactly how others feel—as they have every right to feel?

That is why it is not enough for us as a nation to regard the issue of testing only in the context of propaganda advantage or disadvantage.

It is not enough for us to point out, which is perfectly true, that the Soviet Union conveniently waited until it completed its most intensive series of nuclear tests before announcing its decision to stop the tests.

It is not enough to say this, because there was no reason why the United States should not have announced it was calling a halt to nuclear testing after the completion of its own recent tests. A halt must be made somewhere.

We were the first to start testing and stockpiling nuclear weapons. There was no reason why we shouldn't have been the first to stop and then do everything in our power to mobilize world opinion behind a universal ban.

It is not enough to protest that the Soviet is making a cheap bid for world support.

It is not enough, because the world's people are not stupid. They are aware of the spurious aspects of the Soviet bid. They have not forgotten the monstrous outrage of the Soviet violence in Hungary. But they are also aware that the United States has not come to life on this issue. They are not blind to the fact that we have shown neither imagination nor sensitivity in our own approach to this question.

THERE is no point in fooling ourselves. The State Department has been willing to talk about arms control for propaganda purposes. But its basic position, well known to close observers in Washington, is that it does not believe that arms control is *desirable*—even if a foolproof system of enforcement could be achieved.

In part, this is the result of the insistence by the British and French that they be allowed to develop their own family of nuclear weapons before any ban is put into effect.

If, therefore, we insist on proceeding with our tests the result may be a moral disaster for the United States in the world.

Yet it may be claimed that the tests

(*Continued on page* 58)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMMENT FROM GLUBB PASHA

I READ WITH great interest the review of my book, "A Soldier with the Arabs" (*SR* Feb. 22). I should like, however, to comment on the last paragraph, in which your reviewer claims that I was on "dubious, unsure foundations" when I attributed hostile intentions to Israel and contended that Jordan is faced by an "aggressive and imperialistic" enemy.

This question can be treated in two ways. Firstly that of territorial expansion. Innumerable statements have been made by prominent Zionists complaining of the inadequacy of the present frontiers of Israel. The more extreme Zionists have claimed that Israel's borders should extend from the Nile to the Euphrates. Many more claim that Israel should include the whole of Palestine and Jordan. A few years ago articles appeared in a number of publications in Israel openly discussing a further military advance to the Jordan River. A British officer formerly in the Palestine police has described a Zionist map showing the future frontiers of Israel, including the whole of what is now Jordan, and a large area of southern Lebanon. Further examples could be quoted. It is true that Israel has not yet attacked Jordan. But Soviet Russia has not yet attacked the United States either.

A second aspect of this aggressive spirit may be seen in the officially announced Israeli policy of reprisals. I have pointed out that the Jordan Government always endeavored to prevent infiltration by refugees into Israel, and to secure the cooperation of the Israeli authorities in doing so. This cooperation was never forthcoming: the Israeli Government preferred to resort to bloody reprisals. Those who, like myself, have seen the dead bodies of Arab men, women, and children laid out in rows in some ruined village after an Israeli "reprisal operation" find it difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is an aggressive spirit in Israel.

Your reviewer also charges me with ignoring the "spiritual, cultural, and ethnic origins of Zionism." I assume that for Zionism we may read Judaism. If I did not pay adequate tribute to the spiritual and cultural origins of Judaism, it was because such was not the theme of my book, which was already too long.

I do not think that I have ever said anything which would suggest a criticism of the proposal for a spiritual or cultural home for the Jews in Palestine. Such a plan might have been carried out after the First World War without provoking the hostility of the other peoples of the Middle East. Speaking of "origins," however, it is difficult to know what were the original concepts of Zionism. For example, in the introduction to his "History of Zionism," Mr. Nahum Sokolov wrote in 1919:

> Zionism has the following objects in view: A home for Jews who are materially or morally suffering. A home for Jewish education, learning, and literature. A source of idealism for Jews all over the world. A place in which Jews can lead a healthy Jewish life. A revival of the language of the Bible. The resurrection by civilization and industry of the old home of our fathers, long neglected and ruined. The creation of a sound strong Jewish agricultural class.

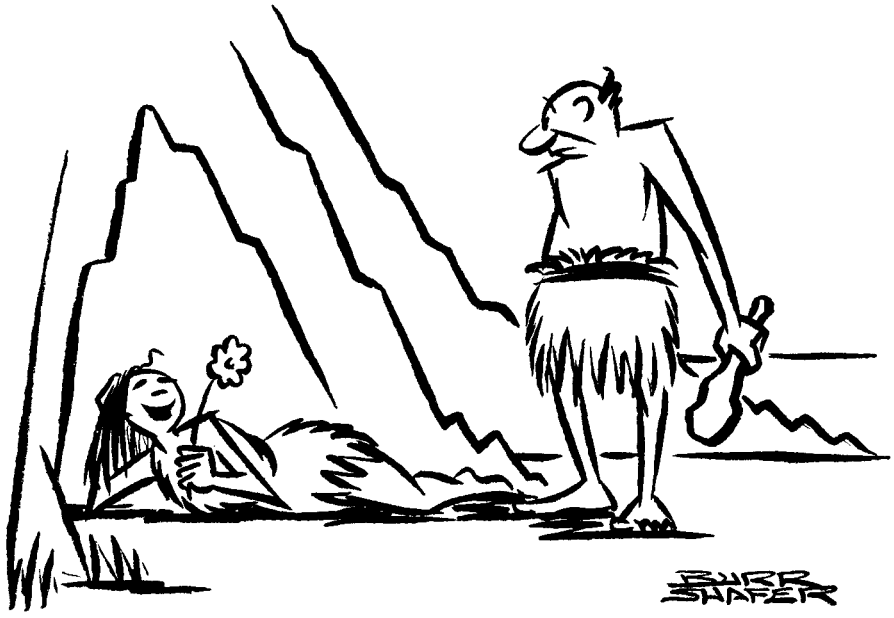
Such objectives are unexceptionable. A few lines above the passage quoted, Mr. Sokolov wrote that "anti-Zionists obstinately repeated" that Zionism aimed at the creation of a Jewish state. "But this is wholly fallacious. The Jewish State was never a part of the Zionist program."

If Zionism were in reality the movement described by Mr. Sokolov, I would hasten to enroll myself humbly in its ranks. I cannot help feeling that it is those who have the deepest reverence for the "spiritual, cultural, and ethnic origins" of Judaism who are the most deeply grieved to see such noble origins produce only one more aggressive and militaristic little nationalism.

Finally, your reviewer charges me with giving credence to the "monstrous lie" that the Jews have almost monopolized world publicity. Such a phrase, considered in isolation, would perhaps be better described as a ridiculous exaggeration than a monstrous lie. When, however, we discuss the limited subject of the Arab-Jewish conflict in Palestine, and endeavor to weigh the assets and liabilities of the two sides, I believe that it was accurate to say that the Jews—as opposed to the Arabs—almost monopolized world publicity on the subject. In 1948, indeed, the Arabs found it virtually impossible to expound their viewpoint in the press of the world. Today this situation has improved. The world is at least becoming aware that there is such a thing as an Arab case. In my book, however, I was referring to 1948.

J. B. GLUBB.

Sussex, England.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Just drag me off—I don't need to be clobbered."

THE BRAVEST

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, commenting on his experiences in the Spanish-American War, said: "The man who followed me up San Juan Hill was the bravest man I ever saw." I suppose it was "innate humility," of which Mr. Hagedorn speaks (*SR* Feb. 22), which blinded T. R. to the greater bravery of the man who went up the hill first.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

CLARK-WILSON

I CONSIDER IT amazing how much the picture of Grenville Clark (*SR* Mar. 22) looks like Woodrow Wilson. And accord-

ing to the content of the book reviewed, "World Peace through World Law," it appears he's much the same inside.

RAY SOUTHWORTH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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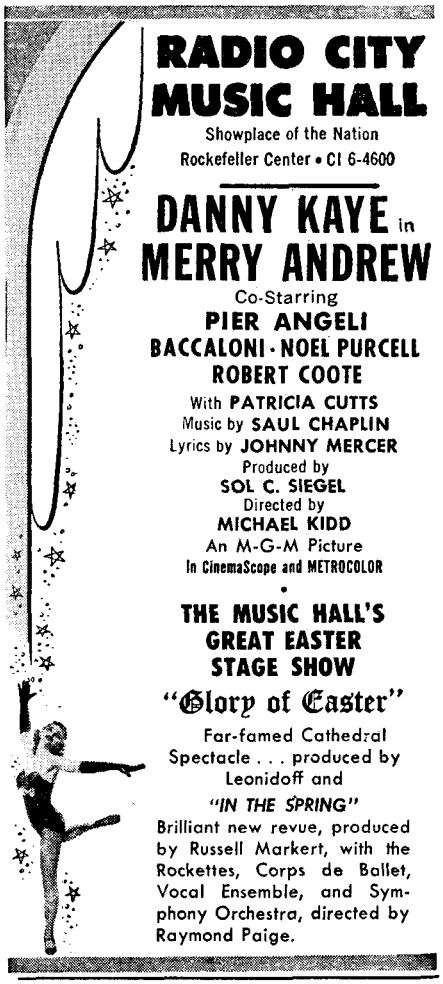

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Inside Show Biz

"Say, Darling" is a new departure in theatrical entertainment. It accepts most of the benefits of being a musical comedy, hardly any of the responsibilities. It wants the privilege of getting away with no strong plot or dramatic situation, but instead of furnishing bright production numbers, as a musical does, it offers us cut-down rehearsals and auditions of songs which don't have to be very good because the play is about a musical in which the songs are not supposed to be very good.

The fairly autobiographical plot is by Abe Burrows and Richard and Marian Bissell (Bissell adapted his second novel into "The Pajama Game," but in this one he is hypothesizing what might have happened if he had done the same with his earlier book, "A Stretch on the River"). It concerns a Midwestern author who is hired to come to New York and adapt his novel into a musical comedy. From the Iowa novelist's arrival in New York to the show's out-of-town tryout, and ultimate transformation from flop to hit, we watch the submissive and somewhat stagestruck writer sit through a series of sketches making fun of show business (in the end, naturally, he affectionately endorses it). Along the way the audience is treated to a behind-the-scenes glimpse of how a musical is put together.

"Say, Darling" is kept dramatically alive by one extraordinary character: Ted Snow, boy producer. Ted Snow dresses Ivy League with white shoes and gray flannel suit. He speaks in unfinished, pretentious sentences using body-english to steer them away from any clear meaning or arguable logic. When stopped bluntly by someone who refuses to play his game, he reveals his callowness by kicking the floor and sulking away. As played by Robert Morse, it is a stunning and hilarious portrait that combines in one figure the more ridiculous attributes of Broadway's new school of producers.

The rest of the characters have moments of effectiveness, but tend to be stock. The hard-bitten, old-fashioned producer-director; the semi-illiterate press-agent (Horace McMahon gets good mileage out of confusing "Sash and Door" and "Shatzen Door"); the temperamental leading lady; an egomaniac composer; a hick playwright and his noble backstage wife whose common sense eventually shows up the sophisticates.

The musical-comedy numbers are generally tepid, although "Doom" is an extremely funny satire of the kind of song composers too often inflict upon musicals with the most arbitrary excuse. And in "Something's Always Happening on the River" David Wayne gets his only chance of the evening to let go a bit.

"Say, Darling" 's integrity lies in the fact that it does see through the shams of show business and "the glamorous life." Its failure is that it trades on the very glamour it sees through.

SINCE Canada is still a young country, no one expects there to be a Canadian national play of any consequence. But Donald Harron has given his country a reasonable facsimile by rewriting Heinrich von Kleist's **"The Broken Jug."** Changing the locale from 1808 Germany to 1812 Canada, and giving characters different dialects of Scottish, British, and French, doesn't hurt the play at all, and serves to give today's Canadian a sense of historical identification. Finding just the right style of performing this realistic folk-farce is not easy, and the Canadian Festival Company tends to push the local color too heavily. But once the situation gets rolling the doings are uproarious. Comedian Douglas Campbell, as the corrupt judge who is trying someone else for a crime of which he himself is guilty, is in top form; his headlong exit at the moment of his discovery is a classic.

AT Jan Hus House, the young Swiss playwright, Friedrich Duerrenmatt, whose play **"The Visit"** will be done by the Lunts next month on Broadway, is revealed as a new playwright of considerable stature. His "Fools Are Passing Through" is an enormous play. Its fools are the 100 per centers: a moralist, a Marxist, and a Romanticist. After some fascinating scenes illuminating the ironies of each's position, a contaminated but shrewd politician comes along to destroy them all and take over the government. While the drama is completely artificial, and diminishes in quality after its striking first act, "Fools Are Passing Through" is an intellectually provocative piece of work.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Complicated Hero

CLAUDE AUTANT-LARA's film version of Stendhal's **"Le Rouge et le Noir"** has taken an unaccountably long time in arriving here. It was completed in 1954. This time lag has occurred with other interesting French films, and I am beginning to wonder if something can't be done to speed up the interchange of movies. Ours certainly get *there* a good deal faster. I am told that one reason for the delay is the impossibly high terms many French producers ask for the American showings of their motion pictures, under the delusion that there is as broad an audience available for their more artistic efforts as obtains for the Brigitte Bardot exhibitions. On the other hand, American importers of foreign films sometimes seem understandably more eager to obtain the most salable items first, and the best items second. Thus, what used to be a highly respectable kind of business —the importing of good foreign movies—seems lately to have turned into a game of bidding for the most recent display of Bardot anatomy.

While I am making my complaints I may as well make a couple of others. Why the title of "Rouge et Noir" for the American debut of the picture? If the full French title was not to be used, then why not the familiar English translation, "The Red and the Black"? Was it perhaps felt by the distributors that Americans would think the movie was about a game of checkers? There is also the fact that although the film as it now stands runs two hours and twenty-five minutes (usually long enough for any movie) our version has been considerably cut. I believe the original version ran well over three hours. Upon asking the French Film Office about this I was told that what I had seen was "the international version." I don't know who did the cutting, but I very much doubt that it was done by M. Autant-Lara, who has obviously made his movie with care and considerable respect for the reputation of the original.

Not that "Rouge et Noir" agrees in all details with the events of Stendhal's novel. A great deal has been eliminated and it would be foolish to expect that so great a work could be translated intact into another medium. But the movie is at its vaguest where the role of the Church in the French political life of the period (around 1830) affects the story. And there are more clicks on the soundtrack at just those points. On the other hand, Julien Sorel's romances are portrayed in greater detail, and we are given an opportunity to see some wonderfully fine performing by Gerard Philippe (as Julien) and Danielle Darrieux (as Madame de Renal). These romances are, of course, not so much love affairs as campaigns by Sorel—campaigns to assuage his wounded pride, to build his ego, to assert his will upon a society that continually reminds him of his inferior status as the son of a provincial carpenter.

The movie does very well by Julien's complexity of motives, making it clear through the continual use of a sort of interior monologue (Julien's thoughts are spoken on the soundtrack while his face on the screen remains impassive or there is a burning look to the eyes) what spurs him into his sometimes extraordinary actions. One could hardly expect Stendhal's story to provide an overpowering emotional experience on the screen. Sorel is hardly the kind of hero who engages the sympathies. He is not so much crafty as opportunistic. He chooses the Church for his way of life because the Church at that moment in French history provided the greatest career opportunities for a boy of lower-class origin. He engages in his affairs not out of love (although he finds love unexpectedly while engaged in shamming it), but to demonstrate his superiority and even his courage. The affairs with Madame de Renal and the daughter of the Marquis de la Mole are undertaken at great personal risk. At times he is close to a buffoon.

Gerard Philippe is deft indeed in revealing the modulations of Julien's nature. He never makes him completely sympathetic, neither does he make him hateful. It is clear always that Julien is responding to the proddings of social forces that seem continually to conspire to keep him second-rate. When at last he fires the two shots at Madame de Renal (who has exposed him to the Marquis at the very moment he is about to triumph over his origins) he is taking his revenge not on the desperately distracted woman but upon a society he despises. Danielle Darrieux's Madame de Renal is a lovely and sympathetic portrait of a completely generous woman caught in a boring ritual of marriage and provincial position and responding to the appeal of a young and seemingly impetuous Julien. Her every gesture is marvelously apt. Jean Mercure does the elegant and cynical Marquis de La Mole with precision, and Antonella Lualdi is properly haughty as his daughter. The use of color in the film is always modest and appropriate, and the decor is in the interest of realism and not spectacle. There is an ambiguity towards the end of the movie—one is not sure whether Julien means what he says when he finally declares his love for Madame Renal or whether it is (as he also says) a last gesture. But the novel, too, has its ambiguities. Other ambiguities during the course of the film are the result of some arbitrary cutting, no doubt. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

* * *

LATEST of the wide-screen processes is Cinemiracle, another attempt to beat Cinerama at its own game. Unlike CinemaScope, VistaVision and, to a lesser extent, Todd-AO, this one actually succeeds. It is superior in its "puts you in the picture" effect because its wide, curving screen is proportionately higher than Cinerama's. Progress has also been made in circumventing the jiggling joinlines, bane of the Cinerama people. The sound is seven-channel stereophonic, as in Cinerama, but mercifully achieving a maximum of hi-fi without splitting the eardrums.

"Windjammer," the first film in this new process, hustles back to the tried and the true for screen material—to breathtaking scenics, native dances, a basket ride down the steep slopes of Madeira, a hop, skip, and a jump to perhaps a dozen colorful ports-of-call. But in putting his film together producer Louis de Rochemont (who also made the earlier "Cinerama Holiday") has managed to avoid a random, haphazard travelogue feeling by the simple expedient of hoisting his Cinemiracle cameras aboard a Norwegian training ship just setting out on a six-month cruise with forty-five fresh cadets. Their various shore leaves supply all the anticipated ingredients—a visit to Pablo Casals, a Trinidad "jump-up," a kaleidoscopic impression of New York City; in between time, however, we watch these boys turn into men as they master the problems set for them by the sea, the wind, and their sleek, handsome, headstrong square-rigger. These sea shots, vividly rendered in Eastmancolor, are enough to give even the most hardened landlubber some second thoughts. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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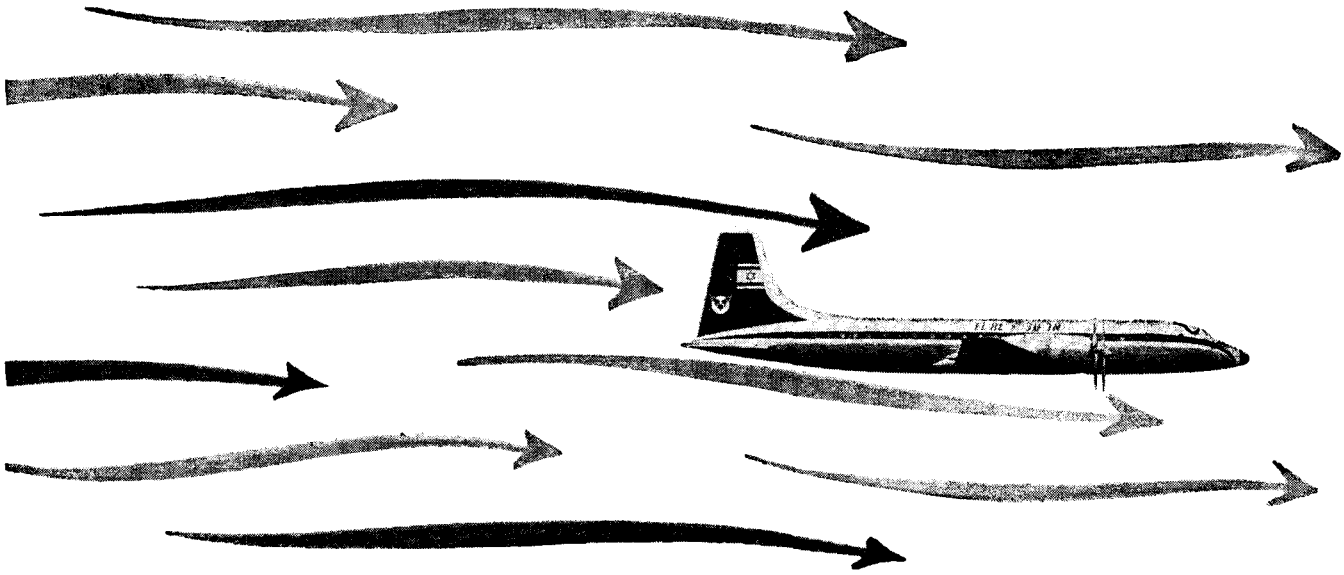

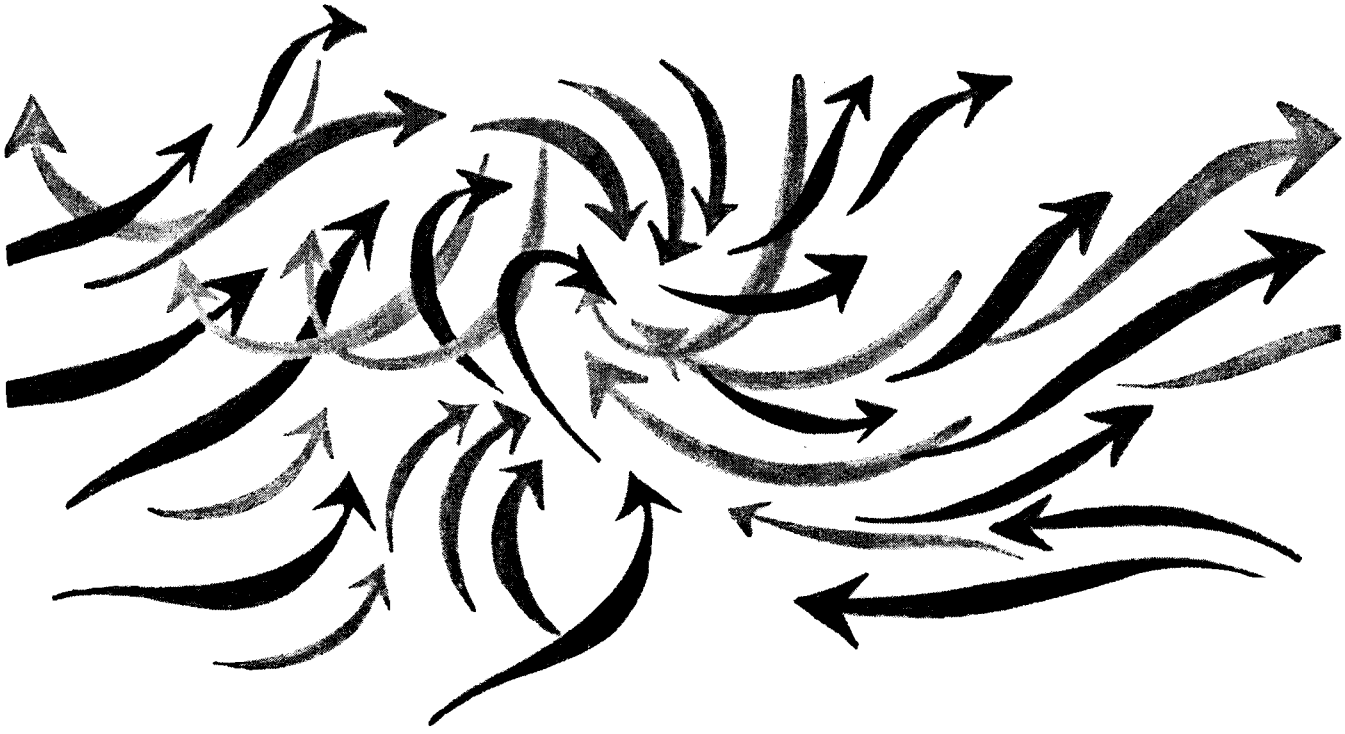

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Not So Far from the Crowding Mob

—H.S.

Wheeler-dealer in Havana—"George Raft (center) will pose willingly."

THAT traveling circus known formally as Hilton Hotels International has opened some rather elaborate boarding-houses in San Juan, Istanbul, Madrid, and Beverly Hills. The other week they scored another first. They opened one in a revolution. The sinister news that had been bubbling up from Havana in the week before the opening didn't seem to dim the activity one whit. Indeed, it spurred interest to an almost fever pitch, and as the air armada carrying guests to the inaugural party approached Havana from assorted points in the United States it was apparent that the prospects of holding a house-party in the midst of a war was enough to draw the fattest guest list in Hilton houseparty history. Over 300 celebrants were imported. A Super-H Constellation on its way to delivery to Real Airlines in Brazil ferried the Hollywood contingent to Havana. At José Marti Airport it disgorged the Hiltons, Hedda Hopper, and assorted starlets. A landing party from the Southern states zoomed in from Miami and two planes came in from New York carrying among others the chanteuse Miss Lisa Kirk and the commentators Jinx and Tex McCrary. Miss Kirk was carrying her wardrobe in a large plastic bag. Mr. McCrary, who also does public relations for Mr. Batista, was carrying two toy submachine guns.

The artillery imported by Mr. McCrary proved unnecessary, since a police car stood at the ready at each corner of the hotel, and a number of uniformed Havana police complete with billy clubs and guns had posted themselves inside the handsome Moorish grills of the lobby bar where they endeavored to make themselves inconspicuous by hoisting a few daiquiris along with the rest of the crowd. The front door was manned by two plumed gatekeepers in white bobby helmets, white uniforms, and white shoes, looking indeed not unlike a pair of London police who had been dipped in a tank of Clorox. However, they were supplemented in their work by half-a-dozen plain-clothesmen who swung open the glass portals to all who wore a gold lapel pin which had been issued to members of the houseparty. Aside

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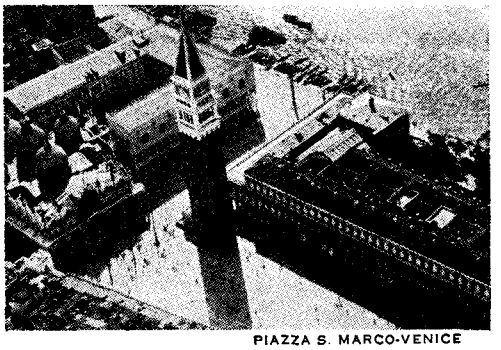

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from the bodyguard which had been assigned to Mr. Hilton, and one who had been assigned to shadow Miss Virginia Warren, the daughter of the Chief Justice who was one of the celebrants, these were the only recognizable private eyes I saw. I discount the trio of burly uniformed guards who followed Miss Hedda Hopper through the mass of invitees at the final ball because she was wearing the Hope diamond. At any rate, I was indeed surprised to learn from a reluctant press attaché that the number of detectives hired for the week-end and on duty inside the hotel while we were there came to a round hundred.

As is the case with all foreign ventures, Hilton merely runs the establishment for a local owner. Strangely enough the Havana venture, a vast thirty-story, 630-room extravaganza, is owned by the Caja De Retiro y Asistencia Social de los Trabajadores Gastronomicos, or, to boil it down to workable etymology, the catering union. This unique arrangement, where capital becomes the operating agency for labor, added some names to the guest list that one would never have expected to find on a Hitlon inaugural party. The special planes from the United States carried, in addition to the usual sprinkling of stardust and of press, representatives of the State and Municipal Teamsters Union, Local 726; the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; United Papermakers and Paper-workers; the National Maritime Union of America; the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions; the United Mine Workers of America; the AFL-CIO; the Textile Workers of America; and the Confederaçion Mexicana del Trabajo. The other side was represented by such stalwarts of the capitalist bench as Horace Flanigan, chairman of the board of the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York and Walter Marshall, president of Western Union. Serge Semenenko, head of the First National Bank of Boston who once bought Warner Brothers, was slated to attend, but cancelled at the last moment.

What this strange party list came to celebrate was the opening, albeit at a somewhat inappropriate time, of the largest edifice in Latin America, a $24,000,000 pile of terraced rooms, nightclubs, shops, restaurants, playgrounds, and casinos plunked in the middle of the Vedado section a short walk from the sea.

While perhaps not fraught with as much frou-frou as this year's Havana Riviera, up the seaside a bit, the Hilton has its dramatic aspects too. The lobby ceiling, for instance, has been inlaid with glass bubbles similar to

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a recently opened Cuban sports building. The bubbles concentrate sunbeams on the lobby floor, which has been decorated with large trees, boulders, and shrubbery. A long stairway leads to the *piso principal*, or main floor, a landing so designated because it holds the casino, the Antillas bar, and provides, as well, the gateway to the pool and cabana areas. As for the casino, it is a much more reserved version of a gaming room than the new Havana Capri (red damask walls, crystal chandeliers) or the Havana Riviera (a blue green egg with gold walls, gold carpet, and mahogany daises for the overseers). For one thing, it is supposedly bereft of the type of personnel which participated in the Kefauver Spectaculars on the television a few years ago. After all, it is being operated by the ex-lieutenant governor of the sovereign state of Nevada. Among those who have been reported on the scene in other Havana gaming rooms are Thomas Jefferson McGinty, Sam Tucker, Santos Trafficante, Jr., and "Charley the Blade" Tourine. Neatened up in hand-tailored three-button Ivy league suits, the boys are on duty every night in the casinos appended to Pan American's Naçional Hotel, the new Capri, and the new Riviera. It doesn't take a hidden camera to spot them, and not only George Raft, the greeter at the Capri, will pose willingly. Although Meyer Lansky, allegedly hired as a gambling overseer by the Batista regime, is under wraps, his ample and amiable brother Jake works nightly at the Naçional, and like other businessmen complains about the revolution that has frightened business from the door. Said he the other night, "What's all the excitement about? Coupla weeks ago I left Havana and went back to the States. The family had been worrying. They said, 'You all right? We heard about all the fighting in Cuba.' I said, 'I left Havana four hours ago and it was quiet as a church.' So I called up right away and asked what's goin' on down there?' 'Nothin,' they told me. 'Quiet as when you left.' And when I got back down here it was still quiet. It's the papers that's playin' it up."

There has even been word that if the impasse isn't settled between Batista and Castro it will be settled by the mobs. Rumors have it that the businessmen down from the States will hire the help necessary to eliminate Castro. After all, the city has to uphold its reputation as the handiest sinful city in the world. Some connoisseurs are even ready to drop the qualifying adjective "handiest." They know of nowhere else in the world where obscene movies, obscene ex-

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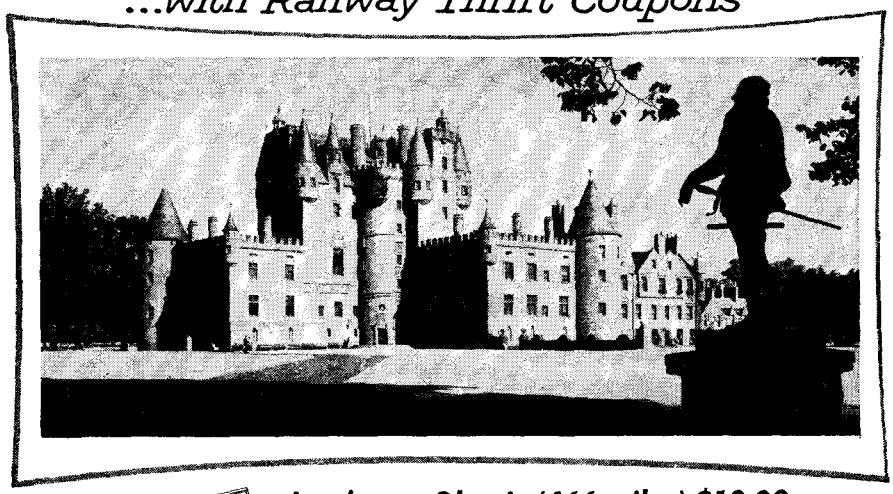

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hibitions, B-girls, prostitutes masquerading as B-girls, raw burlesque, and gambling operate with such availability. And at most places the cop on the beat is the man who opens the door for the customer. He'll accept tips for fetching a cab.

Both the Hilton and the Naçional, as part of huge concerns operating in the worldwide tourist market, must teeter along a narrow ledge in Havana. They would prefer to obtain the fat concessionaire's fee for operating the casino on the premises, yet they must not get too deeply involved with the syndicates nor with the syndicate stars whom the Batista regime has imported to spur the gambling industry.

HILTON'S houseparty guests could go lose their money in the neighboring Vedado hotels or out at Tropicana and Sans Souci, the open-air nightclubs that have gaming rooms too. But his own casino remained shut during the opening week-end party. Guests were free to stroll out past the Antillas Bar to the handsome pool area where broad hammocks were slung on chrome poles under an arbor of yellow awning strips. Little bells sewn to the awnings tinkled in the breeze and provided the treble percussion to the trumpeting of the horns on the cars in the street below. Far from the street noises, on the twenty-fifth floor, is a glass nest called the Sugar Bar, which has a split-level bar where patrons can lounge in easy-chairs instead of perching on stools. There is a choice of views. One can mesmerize oneself with a fountain display of dancing waters, or survey the city through the glass walls. Another saloon downstairs is enclosed by white grills made of thousands of white lathe turnings strung on rods. Plants grow behind them and leaves peer through the lattice like inquisitive Arab wives relegated to a secluded indoor life. Trader Vic, who has been installing his transplanted Polynesian nests to several Hilton hotels, has brought the South Seas to the West Indies for the first time since Captain Bligh hove to with his load of bread fruit. The trappings in his Habana Hilton vale follow the Trader Vic decor; the food is excellent, and the cooking is done largely in great black ovens set in large glass boxes for all the world to see. The West Coast branches broil over orange wood. In Cuba they are using mango. The entrance is guarded by a pair of tiki gods who stand with dour, outraged, open-mouthed grimaces on either side of the door. From their expressions and their wooden heads they could be memorials to the men who didn't break the bank in Havana. —HORACE SUTTON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Baby Doe"—"Creation" by Shaw

THE choice of Douglas Moore and John Latouche's "The Ballad of Baby Doe" to open the spring season at the City Center devoted to works of Americans was an apt one. It had been audience-tested during summer 1956 in the hospitable surroundings of Central City (like giving "The Last Days of Pompeii" in the shadow of Vesuvius); it is the work of two experienced craftsmen who know the verbal and musical language well enough to tell their story effectively.

As the late Latouche told it for the theatre, the story of Vermont-born Horace Tabor, who struck it rich in silver and died in poverty when all of William Jennings Bryan's eloquence could not rewrite economics, is mainly composed of three elements: the rough and tumble of Leadville at the crest, the tender emotions aroused in the middleaged millionaire by the youthful Mrs. Harvey Doe, and the unyielding bitterness of the wife (Augusta) he casts off, who remains the "rich Mrs. Tabor" to the end.

In some ways, this scheme is a little too ambitious even for eleven scenes, especially overdeveloped being those of Act II, in which Tabor's political involvements are depicted. Moreover, there is much more color and vitality in Moore's music for the lively atmosphere of Leadville and the romantic beginnings of Tabor's infatuation with Baby Doe than there is when the shadows begin to gather. Thus, the work tends to lose musical effect towards the end, though the best scene, dramatically, is that in which Tabor, broke and dying, revisits the "Opry House" he built and relives his career in a series of flashbacks.

Much of the color and vitality alluded to have been resourcefully derived by Moore from songs of the "Bird in a Gilded Cage" variety (the whole gamut of what is called the Gay Nineties), from a lively, nostalgic recollection of piano accompaniments for "illustrated song" renditions, for cornet lead with violin and piano embellishment. There is an attempt at musical characterization of Tabor (swaggering), Augusta (tight, withdrawn), Baby Doe (melting, tender) woven for awhile into an artful kind of homespun which sounds simpler than it is and has been executed with much compositional craft.

This, then, is music with a sense of our own past in it, which we can recognize as our own and respond to with affection. Some might question why a takeoff on "O Promise Me" is artistic when the basic creation of De Koven would be regarded as passé, but Moore has added more than a little of himself to the composite. Ennobling the commonplace is sound artistic procedure, and Moore has done it with high success in several arias for Baby Doe.

However, there is no comparable counterpart for the seamier side of the Leadville story, and what Moore has invented does not cling to the ear as well. He has tried to tell the whole story with melodic recitative and no spoken text, a feat difficult to sustain in a work playing two-and-a-quarter hours. Latouche borrowed a convention from the Broadway "musical" in casting his book in two acts, which cost him, it seemed to me, the logical curtain for Act I when Tabor declares his love for Baby Doe. But there were two scenes and twenty minutes more of "story" before the curtain fell. Had Moore really mastered the "flashback" scene with music of real power this probably wouldn't have mattered much, but he didn't produce the seizing invention to involve me with the sorrows of his characters as well as their joys.

One of the happiest aspects of "Baby Doe" is Donald Oenslager's economic but atmospheric setting (as seen in Central City) with stage waits bridged by projected slides showing the Colorado locale as it existed in the 1880s and 1890s. His apt costuming and Vladimir Rosing's stylized direction are worthy of the work's best qualities. As much may be said for the excellent group of principals, of whom Walter Cassel (Tabor) and Martha Lipton (Augusta) created the parts. Beverly Sills was Baby Doe, and a very credible one in sight and sound, rather than Dolores Wilson of the Colorado cast. She was equally adept with the simple songlike strains and the excursions into coloratura which Moore devised to expand them to "lyric theatre" dimensions. Beatrice Krebs was a strong voice for Baby Doe's mother, Joshua Hecht a more effective choice for Bryan's "cross of gold" speech than Jack de Lon as a plump but boyish Chester A. Arthur. Emerson Buckley's conducting was founded both on comprehension and control.

Another phase of the season being sponsored by a Ford Foundation grant came later in the week when Mario Bucci's "Tale for a Deaf Ear" was presented in a doublebill with Leonard Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti." Bucci has derived, from a story by Elizabeth Enright, a modern miracle play of a man who collapses in the midst of an argument with his wife. As she prays over him, there are flashbacks to three episodes (Tuscany, Skye, and Germany) in "history," when life returned. To her astonishment, he suddenly arises, and they fall to arguing again. As suddenly, he collapses, and this time there is no reprieve. Bucci has handled his difficult problem well, and is obviously a talented man. Patricia Neway and William Chapman were the principals, with Arnold Gamson conducting.

AS may or may not be generally known, Robert Shaw, as able a choral conductor as this country has produced, has been investing some of his recent time in Cleveland, where he has organized a chorus while absorbing the fine points of orchestral direction from such a finepointer as George Szell. The new power showed itself in a splendidly prepared and artistically presented series of performances of Haydn's "Creation" with the Philharmonic Orchestra during Holy Week. Blending with the warm sound of the Robert Shaw Chorale was much beautiful playing by the orchestra's solo woodwinds and strings. There has not been a performance of Haydn's miraculously expressive score on this level in New York for a generation, and it should stimulate appreciation of a great work greatly. In a generally fine group of soloists, Mack Harrell was outstanding for smooth sound eloquently used, Adele Addison for soaring tones touchingly applied to the angelic music of Gabriel.

Coincident with "The Creation," NBC's TV-Opera Theatre offered Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," in the English version of the Martins. Kirk Browning brought a new skill to management of "asides" by moving his people to closeup position, or strategically placed microphones. James Pease as Alfonso was the most professional member of an ensemble generally small in vocal scope and style, though agreeable enough as microphoned. Peter Herman Adler's tempi were mostly "comfortable," especially where the difficult arias of Fiordilligi (Phyllis Curtin) were concerned. Helen George was the lively Despina, in a cast with Frances Bible (Dorabella), John Alexander (Fernando), and Mac Morgan (Guglielmo).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Spiritual Nature of Man

"In God We Trust," edited by Norman Cousins *(Harper. 464 pp. $5.95), is a selection from the writings of the American Founding Fathers to show their religious beliefs and ideas. Reviewer Dumas Malone has written numerous books and articles about Thomas Jefferson and his peers.*

By Dumas Malone

IN THIS book Norman Cousins deals with nine of the Founding Fathers. He has selected them because of their importance in our early national history but has made little effort to pin particular church labels on them. He recognizes that some of them, most of them perhaps, were unwilling to subscribe fully to any historic creed. He is concerned with their ideas relating to religion "in its broadest sense." It may be claimed that these men were more notable for their secularity than their religiosity, but he finds neither atheism nor agnosticism in them. There is ground here for endless argument about semantics, but I believe that the materials provided in the book disclose in most of these men a notable spiritual quality.

The main body of the work consists of excerpts from their writings. The editor makes it clear that he is not providing complete statements or full documents. In fact, the formal documents available to him were relatively few. These statesmen were officially concerned with religion only as it bore on matters of state, and most of them felt strongly that personal religion is a private matter. Inevitably, Mr. Cousins had recourse to private letters which were not intended for the public gaze they have since received, but he could not find much that was pertinent in some cases. Thomas Paine shouted his views from the housetop, but Washington rarely talked about religion to anybody.

The largest body of materials is from Jefferson. He was as unwilling to talk about his own faith in public as to discuss his family affairs, but he expressed himself strongly on the subject of religious freedom throughout his long life. His famous bill is printed here, as is a generous portion of the so-called "Jefferson Bible," which he drew from the Gospels for his private satisfaction. The private letters relating to this beautiful compilation comprise the most illuminating as well as the most moving statement of his own belief. An entire section is devoted to the Adams-Jefferson correspondence, to which John Adams, a lifelong churchgoer though always an unconventional thinker, was actually the larger contributor. Much of this bears on religion, and its appearance in this extended form is very welcome.

There are characteristic and delightful bits from Franklin, and I hope no reader will miss the letter to Ezra Stiles in the incomparable doctor's last weeks. Also, I hope the excerpts from Paine's "Age of Reason" will not be overlooked, for, as the editor says, that work has often been reviled without being read. Paine's manner will still offend many, as it always has this reviewer, and his condemnation of the churches of

Thomas Paine—"his 'Age of Reason' often reviled without being read."

his day was appallingly comprehensive. But, as the editor wisely says, Paine's "war against credal belief was carried on in the cause of the spiritual nature of man and not against it"; and there is much of the philosophy of the man and the age in his assertion, "My own mind is my own church." Some of the selections are disappointingly meager, as in the case of Hamilton. Samuel Adams appears as the most intolerant of the lot, and John Jay as the most conventional. There is relatively little from Madison, one of the most notable champions of religious freedom who was at the same time exceedingly reticent about his own belief. I wish a bit had been added from "The Federalist," Number 51. "In a free government," he said, "the security for civil rights must be the same as that for religious rights. It consists in the one case of the multiplicity of interests, and in the other in the multiplicity of sects." This is a classic statement of the uses and the merits of diversity.

Each body of selections is preceded by a brief editorial introduction, summing up the career of the man in question. In attempting to place these prominent and often controversial figures in political history, Mr. Cousins has gone beyond the necessities of his task and has made some statements which can be challenged by historians. Also, he has fallen into some factual errors. One unimportant but amusing one may be attributed to faulty proofreading. Jefferson's first teacher appears as "the Reverend Douglas A. Scot," while the original reading no doubt was "the Reverend [William] Douglas, a Scot." In his interpretation of the religious attitudes of his subjects, which is the matter of chief importance, Mr. Cousins shows sound judgment and uncommon discernment, and his main thought is that the excerpts will speak for themselves anyway. The best of them are genuinely eloquent and all of them command respect.

He gives his understanding of these men as a group in his perceptive introduction, which was reprinted in large part in *SR* March 27. He holds that "their view of mankind had a deeply religious foundation"; he finds in them a determination that "a man's religious opinions were to be his private concern and his inviolate right"; he sees in them a common concern lest the government attempt to determine the religion of its people; and yet, in his opinion, these men had "profound respect for spiritual belief" wherever it existed. Perhaps he does not allow sufficiently for the influence of classical philosophy, but in these basic considerations, with minor exceptions which he notes, I think he judges them aright. In varying degree they were in the spirit of the Enlightenment. Most of them, though not all, were pre-eminently constructive, and their attitude toward the human spirit was by no means negative, for by and large they believed in human beings. Most of them were as unwilling to bow to ecclesiastical as to royal authority, but every one of them in his own way put his trust in God.

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Storm at See

"American Freedom and Catholic Power," by Paul Blanshard *(Beacon. 395 pp. $3.95), is a revised, updated edition of a book that caused a furor a decade ago;* ***"Democracy and Catholicism in America," by Currin Shields*** *(McGraw-Hill. 310 pp. $5), is offered by the publisher as an answer to Mr. Blanshard's allegations. Their significance, and Mr. Shields's rebuttal, are weighed by George N. Shuster, a leading Catholic layman, who is president of Hunter College in New York City.*

By George N. Shuster

MR. BLANSHARD says that the appearance of this "completely revised" edition of his call to arms against the hierarchy of the Catholic Church is in the nature of a tenth anniversary celebration, "without Roman candles." Perhaps for this reason the book opens on a note if not of triumph then at least of relatively mellow optimism. Pope Pius and his henchmen, the bishops, are just as sinister as ever, but there are reasons why honest American citizens can go to bed less fearful of possible Vatican emissaries climbing through windows after midnight. The Catholic population has, it is true, increased, deplorably enough, because of "superior fertility," but Protestants are more numerous, too; the parochial schools have been estopped from getting public financial support, and "nun-teachers" are in short supply; censorship seems to have been pretty generally discredited, and Catholic efforts to infiltrate the labor movement have fizzled out. To be sure, there are some ominous clouds on the horizon. The Roman Church's "liberal stand" on the segregation issue may mean that its school system will prosper in the South. This would be from Mr. Blanshard's point of view a dire development, indeed.

But from this moment forward the book is the same old barrage reinforced with new "ammunition." Its explosive impact varies, but one may as well surmise that no asinine statement made at a Communion Breakfast during the past decade has failed to interest Mr. Blanshard. The basic trouble is that instead of being people who discuss everything under the sun and take a vote, Catholics insist that the teachings of the Church are as little open to question as Sputnik. They think so much of them that they sup-

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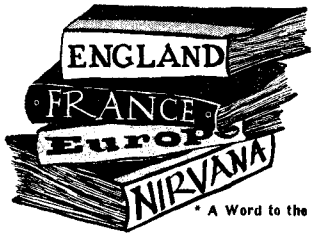

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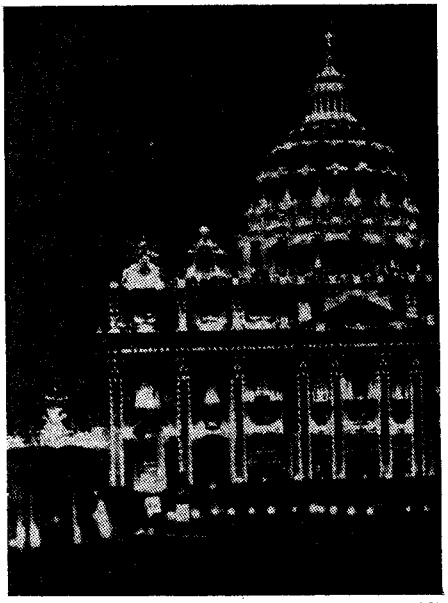
port, at great cost, a system of education designed to drum into as many heads as possible that two and two are four and that not going to church on Sunday is a sin. This school system is kept going by nuns. When I was a boy these were commonly believed by their enemies to be living in concubinage with whatever clerics happened to be in the vicinity. I gather that Mr. Blanshard would be far less afraid of them if they did. They are, as he sees the matter, women who work for far less than a normal wage and incidentally sometimes wear hair shirts in order to banish thoughts of the male sex. They are told what to teach by priests, who in turn take orders from Rome. One can only hope that our author is not sometime converted and made to serve as chaplain to a nunnery. For he would then find himself subjected to the ultimate indignity, from a strictly masculine point of view, of being securely swaddled in moth-proofed raiment of respect, toleration, and oblivion.

One may argue somewhat heatedly that such a book makes for bad human relations. Surely we have trouble enough already in pluralistic America without stirring up all sorts of prejudice. A tenable case can be made out for this verdict. But I surmise that in the long run Mr. Blanshard will be accorded a seat of high honor by some Pope of wit and acumen. For people will be induced by what he says to ask a number of questions of themselves. What makes a young woman, recently graduated from Radcliffe or Hunter, want to shave off her blond hair and stop powdering her nose in order to spend the rest of her life teaching innumerable brats and munching convent biscuits? For what strange reason will hundreds of thousands of people go to a Eucharistic Congress and get a kick out of seeing a Cardinal in his red robes? How can one account for the folly which makes a man feel that getting married is for keeps, and that brides in tandem do not mirror the heavenly choir? Such queries have often in the past led people astray, from Mr. Blanshard's point of view. It may be added that his book is an anthology, far from adequate and complete, of American Catholic oratorical and literary boners. Seen from this point of view it is not without its beguiling moments, but the late Monsignor Peter Guilday's lives of several bishops have a far higher gossip rating.

Mr. Shields, on the other hand, is a California political scientist who somehow gets Catholicism into his book and treats it as if it were a fossil in a natural history museum. He has his very special theory, which is that "liberalism," as reflected in the Federalist Papers and the pontificating of the Supreme Court, is a compendium of social and political malfeasances, and that we can be rescued from its octopus-like intellectual embrace only by practising democracy. Our author is heartily in favor of town meetings and similar procedures. The argument is one which students of politics will wrangle over with as much heat as Dominicans and Franciscans engender while discussing a moot point in Dun Scotus. It can concern us here only because Mr. Shields contends that while Catholicism holds "liberalism" to be something spawned by the Devil in the disguise of Mr. Justice Holmes, it is heartily in favor of "democracy." This thesis is supported by quotations galore, some of them fairly startling.

OUR author, as has been indicated, views all religion with politico-scientific detachment. It is, he says, "for the democrat, a realm of private affairs." This dictum could get him into some theological hot water. But he also writes, "Certainly Blanshard's virulent attacks against the Church are reminiscent of the hysterical anti-Semitic propaganda that the Nazis engaged in. . . . What Blanshard mistakenly assumes to be 'Catholicism' is for the most part, it seems, what Blanshard opposes rather than what Catholics favor." One may therefore safely predict that not a few copies of Mr. Shield's book will be dispatched to the author of "American Freedom and Catholic Power" by local agents of the Vatican. The result? No doubt a flaming footnote in the next edition. More than that a man cannot reasonably expect.



—From "The Vatican Picture Book" (Greystone-Hawthorne).

St. Peter's Cathedral at night.

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The Battle of the Ban

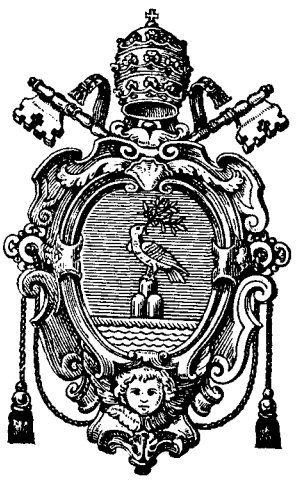
"The Catholic Viewpoint on Censorship," by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. *(Doubleday. 192 pp. $2.95), details the Church's position in a controversial area. Our reviewer, Morris L. Ernst, who wrote "Utopia 1976," considers some questions provoked by the book and suggests a solution.*

By Morris L. Ernst

THIS volume is, in my sober judgment, the single greatest contribution to the problem of censorship over the past decades. This does not mean agreement on my part; rather an admiration for an adversary who states his theorem clearly and with goodwill. It is written by a thoughtful author, and bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman. It deals with the fluid positions of the Catholic Church in this field of heated controversy and treats in some detail the clash between the National Office for Decent Literature (N.O.D.L., printed words) and The Legion of Decency (L.O.D., movies), and the American Civil Liberties Union, the Book Publishers Council, and others. The book is divided into two parts: the positions of the Church and its philosophy with respect to authority, the proper limits of freedom and what the author calls the "partnership of law and liberty." The second portion treats of the legal climate of our Republic, and the attempts of the Catholic Church to affect the literary and movie (but not television) diet of the people of our Republic. Father Gardiner, moreover, deals only with matters sexual, not those concerned with sadism.

As an appendix it carries the illuminating piece by John Fischer in *Harper's* entitled "The Harm Good People Do" and the answer by John Courtney Murray entitled "The Bad Arguments Intelligent People Make." It winds up with the American Civil Liberties Union statement on censorship "by private organizations and the N.O.D.L.," a statement of Monsignor Thomas J. Fitzgerald in defense of the N.O.D.L. position, and The U.S. Bishops' Statement of 1957 on Censorship. Both the Catholic and non-Catholic groups have, as the author indicates, and as I agree, been less than helpful in establishing a decent system of communication between the opposing points of view.

This is as good a place as any for me to proffer a dinner and a bottle of wine for spokesmen on both sides of the table, and I would welcome an opportunity to go forward with Father Gardiner and John J. Delaney, the editor of the Catholic Viewpoint Series, to approach some educational foundation for sufficient funds so that man can for the first time fully explore what, if any, causal relationship exists between the printed word and human behavior. Obviously such exploration should concern itself separately with children, males and females, since social scientists have different opinions as to the effect, if any, on each of these groups. At such time the author will no doubt elaborate his theory that even mature women have been seduced by a book; and I hope he will listen to my many arguments against this stance. At such conversations we should invite others who also learn by disagreement.



The author makes clear with frankness that there are within his church wide variations between strict and lenient construction of laws, and even evaluation of specific books or movies. As the public often forgets, there are even differences within the Catholic culture based on geographic lines. He properly calls for refinements in the vocabulary used. Vulgarity is not the same as obscenity. The use of the word "censorship" is of course confusing when employed to include both pre- and post-marketing controls, and judicial as well as societal pressures. He holds as do some courts that the intent of the author may be a vital factor but contends with the best of judicial opinion that each book must be read as a whole. At that hoped-for dinner we should discuss the book's philosophy vis-à-vis the treatment of works now called classics, and how long must an author with sexually titillating motive be dead before his writings attain "classic" immunity to "corrupt"? The author sketches the processes of the two great Catholic organizations and tells of the selection of those women, married or unmarried, who read or review as "assessors" for decency to save not themselves but other adults and children. The stated purposes and techniques of these organizations are clear but I hope we can finally obtain many more details as to the age, education, individual background, etc., as well as methods of selection and appointment of these assessors. I mean no reflection on the author when I refer to omission of these to me revealing details. Maybe he will write a sequel.

He reprimands me for my desire for financial disclosure of these Catholic assessor organizations but maybe he would agree that all parties involved should disclose the moneys spent in all these clashes. His statement in favor of persuading to read or not to read can well be the start of the Great Debate—for example, just when does contact by N.O.D.L. with public officials for purposes other than bringing charges under a statute become illegal or antisocial? And in the case of movies Father Gardiner's book may cause Eric Johnston to make full disclosure of the interrelationship between L.O.D. and the "Johnston" Office on the agreement of a group of movie producers to act in unison on the content of films in what seems to me to be an unlawful restraint on the celluloid marketplace.

Thanks to this work we will be able to explore the difference between persuasion and boycott. Neither our culture nor our law has pinpricked out with clarity even the difference between persuasion to consumer and persuasion at source of production or distribution. I must also leave to the goodwill dinner the distinctions he raises between "censorship" and other societal controls and between pressure and interest groups. There are many items of interest in the book—for example, can any non-Catholic reader guess how many books there are on the Catholic Index, the percentage written by priests, and the name of the only English novel on the Index? I'll help by stating that not a single American novel is on the Index.

This is an admirable book particularly for anti-Catholic bigots, and for men of goodwill it is an invitation to sober thought even in that area of the problem not dealt with—literature about birth control, family planning, and the race between population and food.

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History

Continued from page 25

sessed by the English-speaking peoples than by some others. With what relish does he tell the tale of Queen Victoria's reception of Balfour when that minister called to talk of the "Black Week" of British defeat in the Boer conflict! It expresses his own temper in 1941.

"Please understand," Victoria told Balfour, "that there is no one depressed in *this* house. We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. They do not exist."

Few of Mr. Churchill's readers will object to the absurdly disproportionate space he gives to our Civil War, six chapters out of thirty-one. His book would have been better history had he used some of this space for other subjects. But he plainly feels a special interest in this greatest of nineteenth-century conflicts after Napoleon, and he shows a special expertness in treating it.

Some of his broader judgments are of course open to question. He thinks, for example, that the Confederacy knew after July, 1863, that defeat was absolutely certain, but fought on simply because Southerners believed that annihilation was better than capitulation. "Better the complete destruction of the whole generation and the devastation of their enormous land than that history should record that they had yielded." And this attitude he calls one of the enduring glories of America. The fact is that the South had good reason up to the late summer of 1864 to hope that it could win independence by a Northern war-weariness that would put McClellan into the White House. It is also a fact that most Southerners from Lee down were sensible enough to accept defeat short of annihilation. But on the whole Churchill's treatment of the Civil War is one of the best parts of his four volumes.

As we look back over Sir Winston's four volumes, so rich in interest to our generation and to posterity as an expression of the personality and opinions of the greatest world figure of the twentieth century, we cannot but feel deeply grateful to him for writing them. They are not a great piece of history. From the pen of a lesser figure they would have excited no deep or permanent interest. But coming from Sir Winston, and gaining significance from his unique place in modern times, they are a great service to the causes he has closest at heart: the sense of kinship among the English-speaking peoples, the solidarity of all the democratic nations, and the determination of freedom-loving folk to maintain liberty and justice.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HAIL TO THE CHIEFS, WITH MUSIC

Below are the names of twenty Presidents of the United States and the names of twenty composers of assorted nationalities. One President and one composer were born in each of the listed years. Assign the correct birth dates to the Presidents, and the correct composers to their opposite numbers among the Presidents; in other words, key both Column Two and Column Three on Column One. Answers on page 42.

1. Adams, John	( ) 1732	( ) Bach, J. C.
2. Arthur	( ) 1735	( ) Balfe
3. Buchanan	( ) 1743	( ) Boccherini
4. Coolidge	( ) 1782	( ) Brahms
5. Grant	( ) 1791	( ) Elgar
6. Harding	( ) 1804	( ) César Franck
7. Harrison, Benjamin	( ) 1808	( ) Glinka
8. Hoover	( ) 1809	( ) Goldmark
9. Jefferson	( ) 1822	( ) Grieg
10. Johnson	( ) 1830	( ) Griffes
11. Lincoln	( ) 1833	( ) Haydn
12. McKinley	( ) 1843	( ) Mendelssohn
13. Pierce	( ) 1856	( ) Meyerbeer
14. Roosevelt, F. D.	( ) 1857	( ) Paganini
15. Roosevelt, Theodore	( ) 1858	( ) Puccini
16. Taft	( ) 1865	( ) Schönberg
17. Truman	( ) 1872	( ) Sibelius
18. Van Buren	( ) 1874	( ) Sousa
19. Washington	( ) 1882	( ) Stravinsky
20. Wilson	( ) 1884	( ) Ralph Vaughan Williams

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Worth of Man

***"The Greek Experience," by C. M. Bowra** (World. 210 pp. $6), interprets for the layman the meaning of ancient Hellas. Our reviewer C. A. Robinson, Jr., a classical scholar, wrote "Ancient History: From Prehistoric Times to the Death of Justinian."*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

SIR Maurice Bowra, the warden of Wadham College at Oxford and formerly vice chancellor of the university, has given us in "The Greek Experience" the best book of its kind. It is a simple, direct account and interpretation written by a great scholar, with clarity and understanding, for the layman who seriously would like to know the meaning of ancient Greece.

Instead of writing a comprehensive history of the Greeks and their achievements, Bowra has aimed at assessing what was most characteristic and most striking in them. The result is so highly subjective that Bowra's success seems the more extraordinary, but there is no doubt that one puts the book down with the feeling that this is indeed what the Greeks did, that these were their essential and unique qualities.

We may be thankful that Bowra brings out the superstition and irrationalism of the Greeks, their injustices and brutalities. But a people are also to be judged by their ideals and the solid achievements of their best minds, as when, for example, Democritus declared that he would rather find out the cause of a thing than have the kingdom of the Persians. "Pythagoras," Bowra reminds us, "divided men into three classes: the seekers of knowledge, the seekers of honor, and the seekers of gain, and in comparing life to the Olympic Games, matched the first class with the onlookers, the second with the competing athletes, and the third with the hucksters."

The Greeks, of course, were wholly unlike the herded multitudes of contemporary Asia and Egypt, who labored either for their god-kings or for the peculiar permanence of life in the grave. Intellectual fearlessness and an intense sense of responsibility struck deep roots in the numerous and fiercely independent Greek city-states. As Bowra explains so well, the ultimate success of the Greeks was due to their belief in the special worth of man. Protagoras insisted that "man is the measure of all things," but Sophocles puts it even better:

—From "The Greek Experience."

Mid-Sixth Century B.C. sculpture.

There are many strange wonders,
but nothing
More wonderful than man.

Bowra's book is full of beautiful snatches of poetry, often in his own translation and each tied aptly into the text. In like fashion the sixty-four plates really illumine what he has to say on art. Slowly—as he emphasizes the literature and religion, the philosophy and science of the Greeks—we come to understand why the civilization of a small, indigent, and alien people, though apparently swept away by such a cataclysm as the triumph of the Christian Church, could survive it and humanize it. We avoid the central principles of Greek thought—their rationalism and intellectualism and ethics—at our peril.

Time and again Bowra explains the success of the Greeks by their confidence. And when their confidence broke, so did their way of life. I wish, however, that Bowra had considered the breadth of Solon's mind, for then we might know more precisely what it was that made the Athenians tick, and why it happened that Athens set the pace in the developing Greek culture. Then too we might understand better that it was the narrowness of Pericles (despite much else to the contrary) that ruined ancient Greece. There seems to be in every society an almost incestuous relationship between glory and decay.

In "The Right of the People," Justice Douglas says that Khrushchev, on his visit to London, challenged the head of the Labor Party to tell him the difference between "your democracy and ours." Hugh Gaitskell shot back, "Read Pericles's 'Funeral Oration.'" Bowra's is the book to explain that possibly enigmatic reply.

Rhapsody and Blues

***"1,000 Years of Hungary," by Emil Lengyel** (John Day. 256 pp. $5), tells the history of an ancient, little-known culture. The book is reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe, a student of Central European affairs.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

WHEN the Hungarian patriots rose against their Russian oppressors a year and a half ago, the world knew little about Hungary, its history, or its people. Hungary was vaguely known as a "small nation somewhere in Eastern Europe, in the neighborhood of the fairy-tale countries of 'Ruritania' and 'Carpathia,' a nation with an attractive capital, beautiful women, fiery music, spiced food, heady wine—in other words, a Hungarian rhapsody." All of a sudden "the world learned that there was far more than that to the Hungarians—that they were an exceptionally courageous little people, who had the pluck to do do what no other nation had dared to undertake." Who were these Hungarians, these Magyars?

In spite of the millions of words written about Hungary since the uprising, there has remained in the English language a lamentable dearth of background material on the valorous Magyars and their colorful history. Indeed, since 1934 no meritorious work on the history of Hungary has been published in English. This unaccountable neglect of one of the world's most interesting countries is now compensated for by Emil Lengyel's authoritative and absorbing study. It would be hard to think of anyone so ideally equipped for the dual job of historian and interpreter. Born and educated in Hungary, Dr. Lengyel also knows Russia from a sojourn there as a prisoner in World War I. A veteran journalist and an authority on Eastern Europe, the author of "1,000 Years of Hungary" is a member of the faculty of New York University. His books have won widespread respect for their scholarship and lucidity. His "The Danube" has been described as an epic poem in prose.

From the time that Arpad led them through the Verecke Pass into the great Pannonian plain, over a millennium ago, the Magyars have been located at an East-West crossroads of history. Tartars, Turks, and other conquering hordes pressed on them. It was the Magyars who often held the line against savage invaders from the East bent on ravaging Western

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Europe. For nearly a century and a half the Hungarians lived under Turkish occupation. "The Turkish rule," the author points out, "blighted Hungary." Slavs, Rumanians, and Germans, moving into Hungarian regions depopulated by the Turks, formed ethnic islands which were later to create trouble.

Hungarian patriotism and love of liberty are proverbial. A little over a century ago, when the Magyars were oppressed by the Hapsburgs, Kossuth and Petöfi inspired their compatriots to valiant rebellion. When the revolt went against the Hapsburgs, Imperial Russia came to their aid. It was a Russian army which defeated the Magyar patriot forces at Arad and ended the uprising, a foreshadowing of the tragic autumn of 1956.

Of the 1956 anti-Soviet uprising, Dr. Lengyel observes: "The people who bore the brunt of the fighting were the ones who had been exposed to the largest doses of Communist propaganda, the industrial workers and students." In a few days "the Communist party disintegrated, revealing its lack of popular support." In the ferocious warfare, centered in Budapest, the "revolutionaries were on one side, representing several strata of society . . . of nearly all ages from twelve up, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. The remaining members of the Hungarian political police and the Soviet tanks were on the other side."

The uprising was not, as the Kremlin charges, led by "Horthyite Fascists," "imperialist agents," and other reactionary elements. It was the spontaneous protest of desperate, hungry people who, in the tradition of their ancestors, were willing to die in the defense of their rights. "The Hungarian revolution of 1956 was unique," the author maintains. "A small nation rose against one of the superpowers." The Russians soon saw their local Communist forces swept aside by the freedom fighters. As the world knows, it was Soviet armored divisions which bloodily crushed the Hungarian bid for liberty.

Though the uprising of 1956, naturally, looms large in American minds, Dr. Lengyel gives it proper perspective in the long vista of Hungarian history. He traces the development of the Magyar *mystique* centering about St. Stephen's crown. He shows us the brief glory of Hungary's Golden Age. He records the growth of the class polarization that, fostering strife between landed aristocracy and exploited peasantry, blocked the country's socio-economic progress. He has told, in short, the dramatic story of an ancient culture and an important European people.

Fiction

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Maiden. One of the charms of this book is its unabashed use exclusively of stock characters. There are Bad Indians who are cowardly, do not wash, and stink. There are Good Indians, who are brave, generous, and well scrubbed. Jamie's father is that old standby, the brilliant, highly educated, charming ne'er-do-well, whose weaknesses keep himself and his son in the state of motion necessary to maintain the story while he enables the author to make comments of which Jamie himself would be incapable.

THE story is told mostly by Jamie, aged fourteen, who gets into more trouble than any two ordinary boys, thus creating action. His tale, written with what is intended to be artless candor and unconscious humor (some of which is delicious, some obvious, some contrived), is broken at intervals by his father's flowery journal and letters. This provides nice contrast, and must have been fun for the author.

Jamie is a good-hearted bad boy, owing much to Huck Finn, full of naïve, sharp observations, innocence, and common sense. Sometimes he is the adult looking back on boyhood, at others he is nearer ten than fourteen years of age. He is totally ignorant of sex and uninterested in girls, two dubious propositions. Before his travels he went to school and was reared in a Bible-reading, church-going, middle-class family, yet he has never heard of Moses, Caesar, or Franklin. In other passages he is shown as literate and reasonably informed.

Near the end of the book he experiences a passage right out of Krafft-Ebing with an elderly prostitute, which has the effect of awakening in him a healthy interest in the Indian Maiden, who becomes the Future Bride. In fact, characterization of the book's hero is subordinated to the point-to-point needs of the story or to the author's wish to play for a laugh or a shock.

The book is fun to read: It has verve; locale and period are well captured. Sober criticisms, then, become captious.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 19, 1, 9, 18, 3, 13, 10, 11, 5, 2, 7, 12, 20, 16, 15, 6, 4, 8, 13, 17. Column Three should read: 1, 10, 9, 7, 16, 5, 13, 2, 12, 17, 19, 11, 3, 18, 15, 8, 6, 20, 14, 4.

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The Open Universe

Continued from page 13

many roads to truth, the essence of a philosopher's truth is that it *must* be *reasoned.*

And since reason, at least my reason, seemed incapable of finding any bottom to things, I reluctantly abandoned the ambition of becoming a professional philosopher.

Since then, whenever philosophical paradoxes have arisen as practical problems, I have treated them cavalierly, accepting the appropriate argument when it applied, then forgetting it in some other context.

Exactly like everybody else—as living taught me. For even those thinkers most in love with necessity have assumed their own ability to elude it.

The great Arthur H. Compton is candid: "There is nothing known to physics that is incompatible with a person exercising freedom."

No less a scientific authority than Max Born, the "father of modern physics," recently explained how he himself had applied Nils Bohr's idea of "complementarity" to the ancient problem of necessity and freedom. "The contradiction seems insoluble. Only two possibilities seem to exist: either one must believe in determinism and regard free will as a subjective illusion, or one must become a mystic and regard the discovery of natural laws as a meaningless intellectual game. Metaphysicians of the old schools have proclaimed one or the other of these doctrines, but ordinary people have always accepted the dual nature of the world. Bohr's idea of complementarity is a justification of the common people's attitude, because it directs attention to the fact that even a rigorous science like physics has reconciled itself to the use of complementary descriptions, which provide a true image of the world only when they are combined.

"I am convinced that Bohr is right, and therefore I am not afraid to regard certain features of human history as governed by laws, and at the same time to speak of responsibility and guilt."

Even as you and I.

Nonetheless, I for one still harbor the hope that sometime, somewhere, in some manner, I shall cease to see "through a glass darkly." For that I shall certainly need either further mental development or organs which I do not now possess.

When, therefore, I ask myself why, facing an inconclusive situation, inquirers break up into two great schools of opinion about the universe, I conclude that it is not a matter of unequal knowledge or intellectual power but of temperament. Each person chooses, at bottom, according to preference.

Thus Einstein in my humble opinion, wanted—even needed—a Closed Cosmos and spent his life trying to demonstrate its existence. An unbalanced atom was to him not merely repugnant but blasphemous. Eddington, Whitehead, Santayana, and Bergson, contrariwise, instinctively leaned towards an Open Universe and proceeded to marshal weighty reasons why it had to be so.

Such divisions among people are no novelty. W. H. Gilbert noted that in his day every English child was born "either a little Liberal or a little Conservative." William James divided philosophers into "tender-minded" and "tough-minded."

In the same spirit, I now classify those who wonder about last things as either *mental agoraphobes* or *mental claustrophes.* An agoraphobe has a distaste for the open and wild blue yonder; a claustrophobe, a fear of confinement. The former loves neat limits and abhors the uncircumscribable, indeterminate or formless. I can imagine him seeking a cozy little low-ceiled study in which to think. The mental claustrophobe, on the other hand, resents restrictions and aspires to what is large, open and—unexpected. He usually hankers for a huge Italianate workroom with high ceiling to give plenty of room for fancy. He prefers open windows to air conditioning and the thought of a whole city sanitarily ensconced in glass gives him the creeps.

To put the difference another way, agoraphobes, looking at the starry sky, see and admire the "army of unalterable Law" of Meredith's famous sonnet. Mental claustrophobes immediately start dreaming of far galaxies and wonderlands where—who knows?—all things may be "different."

In the field of thought, I suspect, the former admire the Spinoza-type of thinker. Even when they merely "observe" the world, they instinctively reach for the natural law beneath all phenomena and soon "discover" a Closed Cosmos. The latter, by contrast, cannot enter a library without picking up some book criticizing the dogmatism of scientists and fall with delight upon the biting criticism of scientific dogmatism by such

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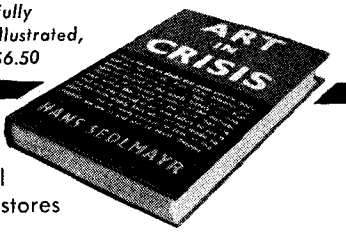

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brilliant writers as Henry Poincare and Emile Boutroux. They readily convince themselves that the uniformity which the others discover in nature is a projection from within the observers, not inherent in things themselves.

Naturally the same theory applies to me. From an early age I sought the Open Universe. Any wood or cave to explore was fun, especially if one might meet a rabbit, a rattlesnake, or even a skunk. But a forest or cavern that one could *never* explore completely was best. For to describe is to tame. I craved wildness, and wildness, according to zoologist N. J. Berrill, "is essentially this quality of *unpredictability* that defies control." This, I suppose, made me a romantic rather than a classical type.

That apples fall regularly to the ground is fine—when you want apples. But how much more exciting if every now and then one apple would go sailing off into the sky!

HOYLE's postulate of the uniform appearance (condensation) of hydrogen throughout space is thrilling, with its suggestion of continuous creation. But to subject such continuous creation to a binding law, alike for galaxies and human minds, would, for me, spoil some of the fun. I happily anticipate the fulfillment of the Koran: "The day will come when the Earth shall be changed into a new Earth and the Heavens into other Heavens."

A Unified Field Theory will—if verified—be a unique scientific achievement—but a painful shrinkage of the area of surprised anticipation. As between an explanation of planets slogging along their orbits because that is the nature of spherically (or cylindrically) curved space and a vision of the same bodies steered in the ways that they should go by planetary spirits (Kepler), give me the spirits any time provided both are equally sure—or unsure!

On my first trip abroad, age eighteen, I was marvellously excited by the novelty (and beauty) of Paris. Afterwards I found almost all other foreign cities disappointingly familiar until, twenty-seven years later, I visited Cheng-tu in West China. Its supreme fascination lay in the fact that it was *more Chinese* than I had dared dream! In short, I am the kind of adventuring chump who could volunteer for that first trip to the moon, not, like the mental agoraphobes, in order to find confirmation of some genius' previous observations and calculations but, contrariwise, in the conscious hope that some of it—the unseen rear, perhaps—will turn out to be unlike our preconceptions.

In the same spirit, when I started wondering why there should be anything at all (including myself), I found a kindred spirit in the Indian vedantist, Nimbarka, a Brahmin who lived in the Eleventh Century. When Nimbarka postulated God as eternally perfect, satisfied and blissful, he faced the baffling question:

Why then should he have created anything?

Nimbarka answered with the unusual but attractive doctrine of *lila-vada—creation for sport*—the King who indulges in pastimes because all His desires are already fulfilled. Sport in this sense is both spontaneous and purposeless.

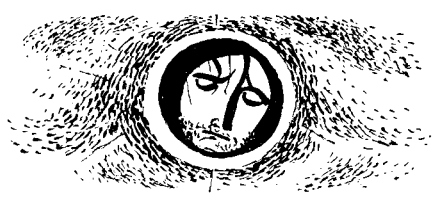
This is to me an intriguing and thoroughly credible idea. Yet nowhere else have I run across it except in the quatrains of the seventeenth century German mystic, Angelus Silesius:

Dies Alles ist ein Spiel
Dass sich die Gottheit macht:
Sie hat die Creatur
Um Ihretwilln erdacht.

(The All is just a sport
That Godhood chose to make:
It brought the Creature forth
For its own Godly sake.)

Reading Reinhold Niebuhr's dictum that to be a true Christian one must renounce the self and come to God "with a contrite and a broken spirit," I turn instinctively to the divergent attitude of Job (13:15) "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him; but *I will maintain mine own ways before Him.*" Man needs God. But God finally justified Job. Having made man in His own image, might not God take delight in man's spontaneous, though faltering, efforts to escape the compulsions of nature and serve as a co-creative very junior partner with a God-given and God-accepted will of his own? Why should not a Creator endow his Creature with something of his own unpredictable creative power?

Believers in the Open Universe are —unlike the necessity fellows—mentally free to indulge such individual



fancies as they choose. But they share one belief—that the salt, indeed the essence of life is its *spontaneity*. Try as man may, he can never accurately foresee the future.

One finds champions of the Open Universe in many climes and countries. I found one vocal champion of God's "unpredictability" among the top monsignori of the Vatican. Gravely, in the course of an effort to convert me to Catholicism that spread over many talks, he dwelt on the mystery of God's omnipotence. Any limits on the Lord's will were, he argued, incompatible with the divine nature. Indeed, that Catholic prelate's view was not unlike that of Mohammed: "And there shall be a blast on the trumpet and all who are in the Heavens and all who are in the Earth shall faint away, *save those in whose case God wills otherwise.*"

In Chengtu, China, a dinner group of learned mandarins argued Free Will not only as a "simple" fact everybody recognizes in practice but as the key to creation. They charged Westerners with having forgotten this in their devotion to material science. In Salonika years ago, I listened for hours to a learned rabbi (later murdered by Nazis) discourse on the impiety of modern man in presuming scientificially to read the "inscrutable."

Opponents of closed systems are not obscurantists or enemies of science. They welcome demonstrable discoveries and delight in fruitful theories. But they instinctively query any too positive scientific assertion or premature dogma. For in the back of their minds is the suspicion so clearly expressed by Santayana that at bottom "all alleged knowledge of matters of fact is faith only and . . . an existing world, whatever form it may take, is intrinsically a questionable and arbitrary thing."

PERSONALLY, I grin when the distinguished Harvard astronomer, Harlow Shapley, breaks into print with the flat statement that available evidence justifies "a conclusion that living things with some kind of mentality exist . . . in other worlds is now incontestable." But so long as the evidence remains chemical analogy, I shall wait to believe until that first radio message from Venus comes through unmistakably or until the little men from Mars disembark from their Flying Saucers, preferably at the Washington National Airport.

And if the dogmatism of certain physical scientists causes raised eyebrows, what is one to think of biologists, who, working at least partially in the "inner world" of freedom and purpose, so glibly suggest that we "understand" the causes of life—or are just about to understand them? In my eyes, they would perhaps do better first to pinpoint the cause of those spontaneous mutations which still seem to baffle them.

As for the behaviorist "sciences,"

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their theories awaken in me a scepticism that approaches rank disbelief.

Sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists have indeed enriched our knowledge with facts previously ignored or merely suspected. But nobody has so sinned—in my estimate—against human credulity. Why do they not wait, rather than on the basis of unproved and conceivably unprovable theories start laying down the law in practical problems affecting the lives of human beings? Few of them seem yet to have learned from Bergson that freedom and motive do not respond to the same logic as the stars. And how should he who cannot fathom his own mind dare dogmatize about such dark problems as moral responsibility?

Believers in the Open Universe will take a lot of showing on all such matters before they will accept any such hit-or-miss experience.

Meanwhile, belief in an open universe, while critical of dogmatism, wonderfully widens the field of the *imaginatively possible*. By its candid acceptance of rational opposites, it frees the thinker to consider the most diverse explanations of things. He can at one time agree with Eddington that "some things never happen in the universe because they are too improbable," and at a later date believe in a Destiny which is not determinism but "time freed from the network of causal sequence"—a vulgarization of the popular view that *no matter what one does, one will get his when the time comes.*

MOREOVER, so long as nobody knows what life is or whither it is tending, there are no limits on that to which man may legitimately aspire. Indeed, as others have said before, there may be more "universes" of incredibly tenuous "material" and different conditions interpenetrating this one. There may also be other types of consciousness than present man's "waking sanity" and other doors to knowledge than the discursive human reason. Dream and trance, second sight and prophetic vision, religious grace and mystical rapture—these may at some point become normal experience. Insight, intuition, psychic "flashes" may become as respectable as smelling or hearing.

Or again they may not. For if this were certain, the universe would no longer be so open. Even determinists may, by some twist of fate, turn out to be *right for a time, a given place and a certain class of events.*

Right, that is, until immortal Shiva, wearying of man's pedantry, once more varies the steps of his immortal dance.

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SWEET PICKLED WATERMELON RIND. Crisp, plump, sweet, yet tangy with wine vinegar, whole spice. Specially grown thick-skinned melons. An epicurean treat you'll enjoy serving, giving. Now in 4-lb. cans, postage prepaid, only $4.39. Write for prices on preserves and jellies. STUART HOUSE, Dept. SR-1, Box 5115, Pasadena, California.

PERSONALS

GUITAR INSTRUCTION—Folk, classic, flamenco. Guaranteed results. MOnument 2-9588. (NYC).

YOUNG MALE, elementary school teacher, desires interesting summer employment. Box E-324.

SUCCESSFUL, employed teacher, Chicago area; New York University, licenses; desires elementary or retarded position, unfurnished apartment area New York. Box E-200.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two for $3, postpaid. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bind-Your-Own bookbinding kits turn paperbacks into beautiful library editions. Six bindings, $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN. Box E-320.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

DESIGNER—ARCHITECTURAL—INTERIORS—business trip Europe—desires buying-business commissions. Box E-165.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING—Arms individually sculptured, polychromed—L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pa.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

PERSONALS

GOING ABROAD? Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in EUROPE IN A SUITCASE. This fact-packed book saves time, money, energy; keeps you from making costly mistakes. Third Revised Edition. $1 ppd. Muriel Scudder, 235 Abbey Road, Manhasset, New York.

HAVE MICROPHONE, WILL TRAVEL! Preserve in sound your manuscripts, lectures, papers, panels, meetings, seminars, performances. FAMILY PORTRAITS—Baby's first words—Johnny's unchanged voice, sister's wedding—Grandmother's Bible reading. Today's family events recorded at home become precious future memories. AMPEX TAPE RECORDERS exclusively-used with sympathetic skill. Experience in radio-recording fields. Expert editing makes your recording perfect! NO JOB TOO SMALL—only a few too big! ENdicot 2-1426 (NYC).

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS, REBECS—send for catalogue. W. J. Anderson, 545 West 111 St., NYC 25.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-8693 (NYC).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC 38.

SUMMA CUM LAUDE, 6/58 graduate classical honors course, knows classical music, writing extracurriculars, radio experience, lots of creative imagination. Wants interesting position. Box E-360.

RETIRED EDUCATOR accepts one or two paying guests weekends. Artistic home, park-like setting. Forty minutes N.Y. Box E-362.

LITERARY AGENT needs assistant. College graduate or equivalent. Full or part time. Knowledge and love of books, plays, etc. Independence and initiative important. Please include background resume. Box E-358.

TEACHER, M.A. Political Science, young, eager; teaching, tutoring, travel or ? June to September or longer. Wesley Dibbern, 834 Thornton St., S.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

ART TEACHER—M.F.A.—five years experience—desires college position. Box E-379.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE—personable woman, 29; experienced teacher; secretary—seeks position, governess, secretary with party traveling abroad. Box E-351.

AMIABLE BACHELOR wants SR-type vacation hideaway Ontario, Michigan, Wisconsin, emphasizing simple comfort, food, swimming, lazy life. Box E-350.

BARNARD SOPHOMORE desires summer position as governess with family traveling to Europe. Box E-88.

RECORDERS—all finest makes. Largest music selection. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

SENIOR MEDICAL STUDENT, traveler, offers shipboard CARE, COMPANIONSHIP, for European passage. Box E-346.

CAPABLE, DEPENDABLE MALE, 34, seeks cultural individual or couple planning extended foreign motor tour. Will handle travel details, driving, for passage, expenses, pocket money. Box E-343.

YOUNG WOMAN desires travel summer '58. Competent secretary, good with children. Consider anything. Box E-338.

EDUCATOR, M.A., former assistant principal in native school in Middle East. Same capacity in adult evening school for servicemen in Far East. Desires similar off-beat activity at home or abroad. Write Box E-336.

LAKESIDE CAMP in small mountains. All facilities, tennis, beaver, chess, canoes. Ponds everywhere. F. Tolman, Tolman Pond, Marlboro, New Hampshire.

COUPLE: teacher and speech therapist seek summer employment, will travel. Box E-331.

PERSONALS

SEVEN CASH PRIZES, ranging from $75 to $25 will be awarded at the air-conditioned Indiana University Writers' Conference, July 8-13, to most promising students in workshops directed by Elizabeth Enright (short story), John Selby (novel), Reed Whittemore (poetry), Maurice Zolotow (non-fiction), Michelle Cousin (television writing), and Peggy Bacon (children's literature). Moderate rates include personal consultations. Write to Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Indiana.

DOWN IN FLORIDA a group of master cabinet makers are faithfully handcrafting Early American Furniture in the old traditional manner. Illustrated circular and price list. 10¢ coin. Paul Bryant Workshop, Holly Hill, Florida. Visitors welcome.

BOY, 12, resident Washington, desires one month on a farm this summer. Box E-348.

LANGUAGES—Expert instruction. Modern Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, Japanese, Swedish, Dutch, German, Russian, Serbian, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, other European and Asian languages. Frank Tauritz, 38 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Formerly Yale University and War Department.

UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR desires summer work abroad. Knows Europe. Stenography, driving. Box E-357.

REWARDS UNLIMITED for mature young couple desiring to create home for ten troubled teen-agers. Challenging work; congenial associates; beautiful country setting, midstate New York. Unique coed community combining academic, vocational and civic education with professional help on adjustment problems. Box E-302.

BACHELOR with car desirous sharing house near NY summer weekends. Box E-353.

EXPERT SECRETARY, 28, well-educated. Seeks challenging, adventuresome position as executive, private or social secretary, U.S. or abroad. Box E-366.

COLLEGE SENIOR seeks temporary job that will take her abroad. Box 1412, MWC, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

FANTASTICALLY BEAUTIFUL printed linens 48 wide: make up yourself, or let us make you a gay slim summer coat, $49.50 pp. Stripes or eclipse circles. Carol Brown, Putney 19, Vermont.

LADY LIVING ALONE desires share her country home permanently with mature, cultured gentlewoman of independent interests for costs food, service—no rent. Occasional driving desired. No duties. Summers Lake Champlain. Mrs. H. A. Prince, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ELDERLY PEOPLE needing good home, single rooms, balanced meals, near library and churches. $150 per month room and board. Courtland Hall, Middleboro, Mass.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

2½ rooms, GRAMERCY PARK AREA (NYC). Quiet, air-conditioned. Moderate rental. June 1 or later. Box E-153.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

SECLUDED SIX-ROOM private home, two hours from New York. Box D-614. BUckminster 7-5948 (NYC).

PLAN NOW to enjoy life in "Barn Yesterday," summer and winter. Completely furnished, distinctively decorated, 3½ bedrooms, living-dining room, two baths, kitchen, 2 stone fireplaces, oil furnace, garage. 2½ hours' drive from New York. Box 20, West Cornwall, Connecticut or phone Denny, JUdson 6-7880 (NYC).

NORTH WESTCHESTER COUNTY. We are off for Mexico leaving new 8 room furnished house, large studio, appliances, acreage. $270 per month. South Salem 3-5537. Box E-365.

HANCOCK POINT, MAINE. House and guest boathouse. Five bedrooms. Two and one-half baths. Dock for swimming. Full view of Mt. Desert Island across Frenchman's Bay. 400 feet shore. Eight acres woodland. Completely furnished, 12-foot row-boat. Season, $1,000. Month, $400. 17-foot sail-boat: season, $150. month, $75. Box E-363.

CHARMINGLY FURNISHED LOG CABIN, four bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hills, forests. 150 acres Hunting. Yearly rent. BARCZA, Clear Spring, Maryland.

PROPERTY OF NYRB.ORG
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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—1½ room lakeside cabins, sleep 4. Family appeal. Horses, swimming, boating. Folder: FENIMORE, 240 East 20 St., NYC 3.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE FOR TWO. Mount Desert Island Bird Migratory Belt. Near ocean—Acadia National Park, $45 week. Mayo, McKinley, Maine.

CABINS, furnished, between lakes. $20 week. Downward site Writers' Conference. Dr. Coleman, Fairmont, Minnesota.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y. Attractive homes in fashionable summer colony. Season: from $2,500. Carleton Kelsey, Broker, AMagansett 7-3447.

BERKSHIRES, view, swimming, twenty acres, five rooms, modern conveniences, monthly or $350 season. Box E-356.

BEACH HOUSE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Newly built. Three bedrooms each with twin beds. One and a half bathrooms. Large living room. Large sun deck. Only three other houses on mile of beach. Completely furnished and equipped, including old but sturdy Chevrolet. $1,750 for season to Labor Day. Box E-349.

1750 BERKSHIRE HOME, antique charm amid 200 wooded acres; 4 bedrooms, 3 baths; secluded yet accessible; 12 miles Tanglewood. Box E-347.

EASTHAMPTON—Charming private chalet, sleeps 4.May-October, $1,200. REgent 4-0857 mornings, or Box E-344.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER COTTAGE adjacent swimming pool on Westchester estate. Complete kitchen, bath, living room, fireplace, loft screened patio. Privacy. Sunset view. Adults preferred. June 15-September 15. $1,000 or $400 per month. Box E-329.

ROBBINS FARM—POCONOS—for sheer beauty—relaxation, luxurious comfort—modern housekeeping studios. Brochure. R. D. Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

FIRE ISLAND PINES—Rental May through Labor Day. Two bedroom new modern house. Conveniently located. Reasonable. Box E-340.

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped, 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic, dormitory, playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

CHARMING HARBOR APARTMENT, private dock. Near shops, library, churches, tennis, golf, community beach. Sailing, fishing—$900. May 30 to Labor Day. Lenroot, Stonington, Connecticut. JEfferson 6-9198.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. Charming cottage for couple or single. Near beach and railroad. No children or pets. Highest references. Box E-372.

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL MALLORCA—low living cost! Large, modern house. Box E-342.

SMALL HOUSE in Essex Town, Connecticut. Waterfront. Small boat wharf. ⅓ acre. First floor: living room, dining room, kitchen, large porch toward water. Second: one double, two single bedrooms, bath. Garage. Tool Shed. $17,500. The Sparre Agency, Inc. Essex, Connecticut. SOuth 7-1448.

AMAGANSETT, N. Y. Charming American Colonial, mint condition. Artist's home, studio, north light. Year round. Four bedrooms, two baths. Excellent location. Carleton Kelsey, Broker, AMagansett 7-3447.

PALM BEACH—1½ blocks from ocean (Seaspray Ave.). 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, furnished, newly decorated. E-370.

BREWSTER (NY) VICINITY. Early American gem. Matchless old-world setting. Three acres. Four bedrooms, two baths, two fireplaces. Sale/rent; year-round/summer; with/without antique furnishings. Bargain-terms. Box E-371.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VIRGINIA—EASTERN SHORE. Ideal retirement property. 18 acres. ½ mile of desirable waterfront. 6 room modernized country home. New 3 room cottage and poultry buildings. 8 acres valuable timber. Oyster ground, boat landing in sheltered cove. Arthur Fuller, R 1, Exmore, Virginia.

TRAVEL

PORTABLE BATTERY-OPERATED TAPE RECORDERS. Record music, speech, sounds, anywhere! Ideal for travelers who want to retain their experiences on magnetic tape and add sound to home movies. Various models available for all field uses. Sold direct from factory. Write for free literature to Dept. SR: AMPLIFIER CORP. OF AMERICA, 398 Broadway, NYC 13.

THREE MEET-THE-PEOPLE TOURS of Scandinavia. Spring Festival Tour steamship departure on May 1. All of Scandinavia, including the North Cape, departure on July 2. Arts and Crafts Tour, departure on July 15. World's Fair at Brussels included in two first tours. Small groups. EUROPEAN TRAVELING SEMINAR, 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington 7, D. C.

EUROPE—Fabulous itinerary. Congenial college grads, 60 days. $1,095. E. Ferero, G.W.U., Washington 6, D.C.

WRITERS! Enchanting Tropical vacations. Stimulating Professional Instruction. AFTA, Doylestown, Pa.

JILL OF SEVERAL TRADES for your summer in Europe—guide, interpreter, governess, chauffeur—lived in Switzerland one year. Martha Mayo, Dublin, New Hampshire.

AMERICAN SEMINAR. Dr. J. Huntley Dupre, Dean of Macalester College, continues the tradition of the SHERWOOD EDDY SEMINAR for the 28th year. The group leaves June 18 by steamer or June 22 by air, spending 43 days in Europe: England, France, Germany, Yugoslavia, and two weeks in the Soviet Union. Unique program in England with Toynbee Hall. Yugoslav highlight is meeting Marshal Tito. $1895. Sarah Marquis Travel Service, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10. CHelsea 3-1331.

SEE EUROPE THIS SUMMER in small (15) informal coed group. Tour includes 60 days in Europe, 10 countries—Festivals, Pamplona, Lucern, Salzberg; Brussels Fair. Emphasis on culture, history. All-inclusive price, $1,400 (air). Will alter to suit special interests. Hurry! HIckory 1-3075. Box E-367.

KNIGHT TOURS. 18 countries, 60 days in Europe. Sea-air combination or all air. $1,323. Youth Tour or All-Ages tour. Deluxe bus, first class rail, fine accommodations, but economy price! Director, Prof. Loring Knecht (French Dept., St. Olaf College), P.O. Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

VACATIONS

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. Altitude 2100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

OGUNQUIT. Famous Summer vacation center. Smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' Colony, Summer Theatre. Shopping Center. Deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Publicity Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan Food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

VACATION AFLOAT? CHARTER A BOAT! Virgin, Leeward, Windward Islands. Blue Water Cruises, Box 748, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort, unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable Inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance reservations. Waterville Valley, Campton P. O., New Hampshire.

COLUMBINE LODGE, ESTES PARK, COLORADO. American Plan. Family resort since 1889. Riding, Hiking, Square Dancing, Fishing. Private cottages.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

CRESTMONT INN. Enjoy a perfect family vacation in scenic Alleghenies. Ranch-type cottages. Delicious meals. Water sports, riding, lawn bowling. Golf, tennis pros. Concerts. Tot, teen directors. Opens June 14. Write for folder K. W. T. Dickerson, Eagles Mere, Penna. Lakeview 5-3232.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

VACATIONS

TEPOZTLAN, a primitive Aztec village, off the beaten track, unspoiled by tourism. A climate incomparable, luxurious accommodations, excellent food, American management, reasonable rates. 20 minutes from Cuernavaca, 1½ hours from Mexico City. Free brochure. POSADA DEL TEPOZTECO, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

Wilderness Trail Trips—Hiking and Riding JOHN MUIR TRAIL, Crest of the Sierra Nevada, July 12-September 6, 1958—Cost from $10 per day; HAVASU CANYON, "Gem of the Grand Canyon," September 14—October 10, 1958—Cost from $50; MEXICO—BARRANCA DEL COBRE. Mexico's rival to the Grand Canyon, October 19-November 8, 1958—Cost $350. About these and other wilderness trips, write: WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley, California.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) seeking an "island in Time" and loving the inner peace of quiet forests, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea, stars for streetlights. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine (Ten miles at sea). Booklet D? Advance reservations necessary.

MEXICO CITY VACATION—Weekly accommodations. Cultured home atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy, 17, Mexico 5, D.F., Mexico.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

GARDEN GABLES, Lenox, Mass. Comfortable rooms. Extensive, restful grounds. Swimming pool. Gift Shop. Open all year. Folder.

CHAMBER MUSIC ENTHUSIASTS! Make music with us in North Bridgton. Long Lake, Maine; 1-3 weeks, July 20-August 10. Ideal vacation region; established summer music center. Brochure. BERKLEY CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS, 315 West 98 St., NYC 25. UNiversity 4-0773.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 237 Ashland Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPRING THRIFT VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts, barbecues, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge, Cabins and Cottages. Moderate, informal, relaxed. May 29-October 12. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Lower rates to June 21.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SUMMER BY THE SEA—with a difference! The weather comes in like a lamb and stays that way all the year around. Trade breezes blow as gently in June as in January. A family-like environment. And rates are unbelievably low. Write J. Blondin, Manager. Sam Lord's Castle. Barbados, B.W.I.

WESTERN NEW JERSEY. Brand new cabins, complete kitchens and baths. 70 acres private woodland, large pond. Excellent swimming, fishing. Ideal creative work or quiet vacation. Box E-354 or phone ALgonquin 5-3433 (NYC).

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. 500 acres of Berkshire woodland beauty. Cottages; fireplaces. Excellent food.

CAMPS

CAMP CELO, a farm-home camp in the Black Mountains of North Carolina for 20 boys and girls, ages 6 to 10. Full program. Non-competitive. Worship, work and play under liberal Quaker leadership. Write Ernest Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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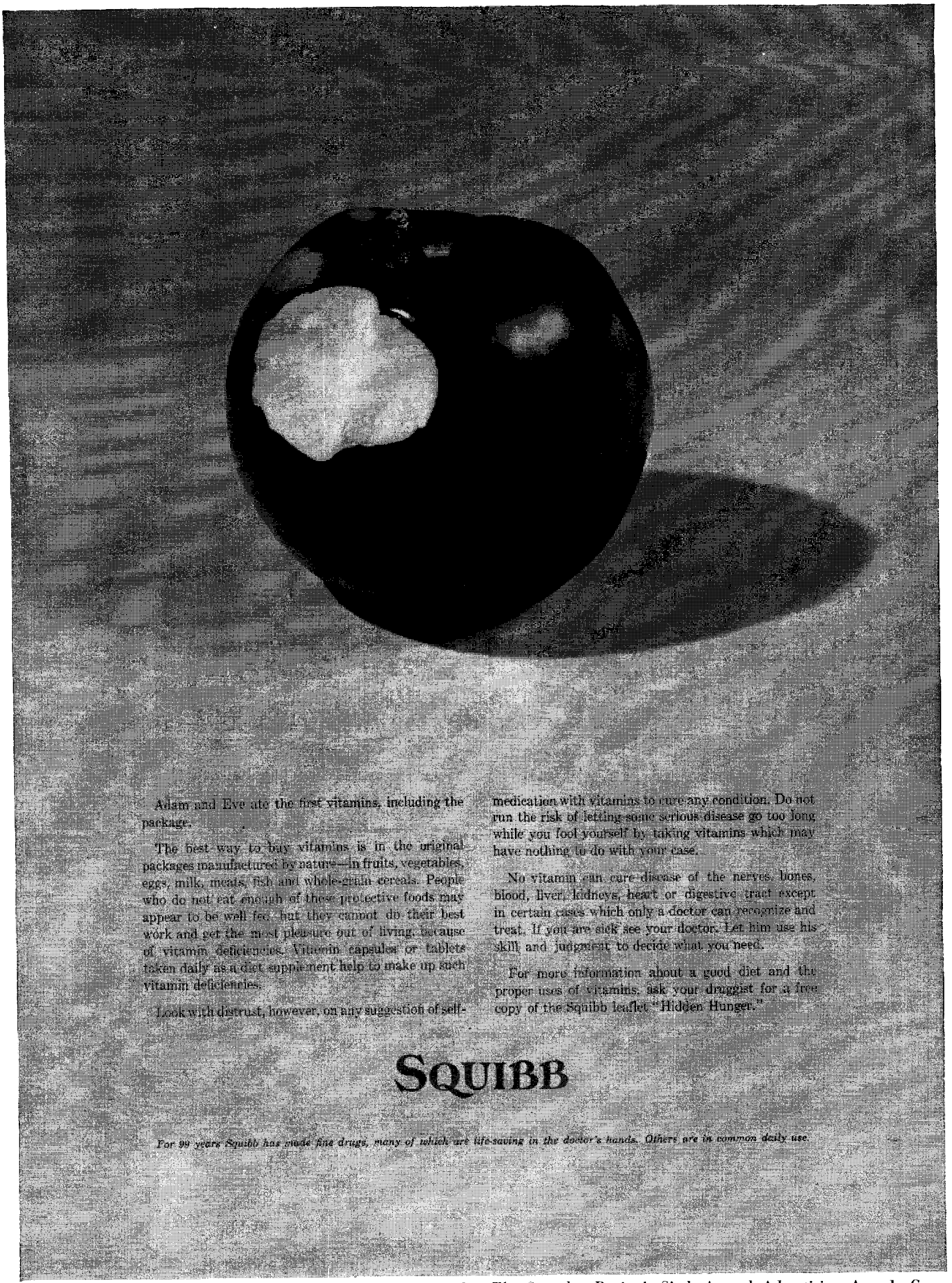
Adam and Eve ate the first vitamins, including the package.
The best way to buy vitamins is in the original packages manufactured by nature—in fruits, vegetables, eggs, milk, meats, fish and whole-grain cereals. People who do not eat enough of these protective foods may appear to be well fed, but they cannot do their best work and get the most pleasure out of living, because of vitamin deficiencies. Vitamin capsules or tablets taken daily as a diet supplement help to make up such vitamin deficiencies.
Look with distrust, however, on any suggestion of self-medication with vitamins to cure any condition. Do not run the risk of letting some serious disease go too long while you fool yourself by taking vitamins which may have nothing to do with your case.
No vitamin can cure disease of the nerves, bones, blood, liver, kidneys, heart or digestive tract except in certain cases which only a doctor can recognize and treat. If you are sick see your doctor. Let him use his skill and judgment to decide what you need.
For more information about a good diet and the proper uses of vitamins, ask your druggist for a free copy of the Squibb leaflet "Hidden Hunger."
SQUIBB
For 99 years Squibb has made fine drugs, many of which are life-saving in the doctor's hands. Others are in common daily use.

NO. 1 ADVERTISEMENT OF THE YEAR: Reproduced above is what *The Saturday Review's* Sixth Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most distinguished public-interest advertisement of the year. Top winner among the 1958 awards, it is an example of E. R. Squibb and Sons' campaign on personal health, on the dangers of self-medication, on the wisdom of seeing one's doctor regularly, on the limits as well as the values of modern medicines. The original advertisement appeared in color.

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SR's Sixth Annual Advertising Awards

The Power to Persuade

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

ONE of the paradoxes of American life is that the power realities of our business-oriented civilization have seldom been reflected in recent years in the image of public prestige enjoyed—or rather endured—by businessmen. The managers of the vast economic complex which clothes, shelters, feeds, and sustains us in a miracle of intricate effort have been held strictly accountable for their performance, but not always praised for their achievements.

Prosperity is the general success of all the citizenry, but recession is the particular failure of business. Perhaps those who reap the benefits of economic democracy must also ride the periodic whirlwinds of popular discontent. Whatever the reason, this sociological disparity between material rewards and cultural recognition is an odd and persistent fact.

This classic enigma of the often sleazy status of businessmen in various eras and societies is examined (see page 51) with provocative indignation by Reynolds Girdler, himself a senior executive of a major corporation. He emerges scarred but undaunted from his excursion through history with a suggestion for today's business leaders which is directly related to *Saturday Review*'s Sixth Annual Awards for Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest.

Without anticipating Mr. Girdler's conclusions, it can be stated that in no other society is paid advertising used by private enterprise to the same extent to further social purposes not directly related to profit. Nor is advertising elsewhere used to the same extent to promote a better-informed and more sympathetic public understanding of the philosophy, ideas, policies, activities, and aims of the business hierarchy. By and large, the business leaders of other countries hold themselves apart in austere aloofness from the forum of public opinion. Their singleminded concern is the marketplace.

But the marketplace cannot be the only area of concern for the American businessman—if he expects to retain his public position. He is expected to operate effectively and efficiently in the field of public service. For business has a fundamental stake in public understanding. It has therefore begun to harness the power of advertising as an educator, communicator, and persuader to shape American attitudes.

It is essential that this power be used responsibly, creatively, and constructively. Because *The Saturday Review* has a continuing concern for the communications pattern in the United States through which popular attitudes, ideas, values, and actions are so decisively influenced, it has observed with profound interest the steady development of advertising as an engine of idea communication.

It was from awareness of the impact of this powerful engine on the American people that *The Saturday Review* originally established its awards to recognize responsible use of advertising in the public interest.

Saturday Review's 1958 Awards were finally decided by a committee of thirty-three judges, including leading educators, editors, and publishers, research analysts, teachers, and advertising and public-relations executives. It is the belief of *The Saturday Review* that their willingness to serve

AWARDS COMMITTEE

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Henry M. Wriston, *President Emeritus, Brown University; Director, The American Assembly, Columbia University*

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on the committee is itself significant evidence of the impact of institutional advertising on American ideas and attitudes, and of the provocative role of such advertising in the U.S. communications pattern.

After several months' screening the whole enormous area of general magazine advertising for the past year, twenty-five corporations have been named to receive awards for sponsoring outstanding advertising in the public interest. In addition, the notable "Facts about Cancer" campaign of The American Cancer Society and the "Mental Health," "United Nations," "Red Cross," and "Financial Aid to Education" campaigns of The Advertising Council, the non-profit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, were cited for achievement in the public interest.

Also, six television and radio programs were cited which, both in content and execution, the judges felt served the public interest.

The top six advertising campaigns to receive the most votes from the Awards committee in the very close balloting were the following:

1. E. R. Squibb & Sons
2. Corning Glass Works
3. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
4. New York Life Insurance Co.
5. Chase Manhattan Bank
6. Norfolk and Western Railway

Only the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico campaign repeated among the six leaders from last year.

Details of the various advertising awards and citations are given in the boxes on the accompanying pages. Several of the winning advertisements are also reproduced.

In the judging, the national panel of experts not only voted for awards in the overall category of public-interest advertising, but also for three special classifications within that category to give precision to their votes: (1) Corporate, (2) Public Relations, and (3) Public Service.

More than 275 advertising campaigns were screened. The competition was keener than ever this year, and the general level of excellence in this area of advertising communication was higher than in previous years. Eighty-three campaigns survived into the final voting.

Advertising is a fundamental force in our economy and our society. Our economy more than any other in history has solved the age-old problem of abundant production, but still struggles painfully with the modern enigma of abundant consumption. It is the basic task of advertising's annual effort by 3,300 agencies, employing 45,000 talented people and spending some $10 billion, to stimulate consumption of the vast quantities of goods and services that flow from our productive economy. Advertising also today exerts an immeasurable influence on the value patterns and social attitudes of the American people. It is probably the single most powerful tastemaker in our society.

Thus, the winning awards this year are not only the end-product of a unique complex of creative energies; they also reflect the growing awareness of many modern business leaders in the U.S. that a large corporation is a public trust and that that private interest is best served which visibly serves the public interest as well.

SIXTH ANNUAL *SR* AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-five advertisers who won *The Saturday Review*'s Sixth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Cyanamid Co.	*Hazard Advertising Co., Inc.*
Assn. of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Boeing Airplane Co.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
British Travel Assn.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank (Corporate)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Container Corp. of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Convair (division of General Dynamics Corp.)	*Buchanan & Co., Inc.*
Corning Glass Works	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Equitable Life Assurance Society	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Esso Research	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Car-talk)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
General Motors Corp. (Corporate)	*Kudner Agency, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Norfolk & Western Railway Co.	*Houck & Co., Inc.*
Puerto Rico Commonwealth	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Rand McNally & Co.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Time, Inc. ("Know" Campaign)	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Warner & Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Westinghouse Electric Co.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Facts About Cancer	*American Cancer Society, Inc.*
The Advertising Council American Red Cross	*Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, Inc.*
Council for Financial Aid to Education	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Mental Health	*Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc.*
U.S. Committee for the UN	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee of Judges, thirteen runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Aluminum Co. of America	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Aluminum from Canada	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Avco-Crosley	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Bell Telephone System	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank (Trust)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.	*Buchen Co.*
International Business Machines	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Maryland Casualty Co.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
National Steel Corp.	*Campbell-Ewald Co.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corp.	*Morey, Humm & Warwick, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corp.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*

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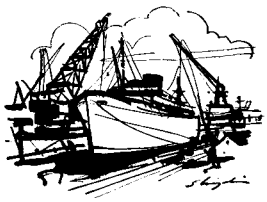
THE BUSINESSMAN: *Hero or Scapegoat?*



By REYNOLDS GIRDLER, *director of public relations and advertising, Sinclair Oil Corporation.*

THROUGHOUT the ages the businessman has helped build civilization's great cities, provide people with luxuries and artists with patronage, and lift his fellow-citizens to undreamed-of standards of living. In the last few centuries the businessman has seeded the Industrial Revolution around the world.

Yet he has seldom been able to win friends or influence people.

While the businessman has managed to collect sparse kudos for his pains, it has not been unusual for whole countries to worship at the feet of men like Napoleon or Genghis Khan, the slaughterers and egoists of history, or, in the words of Miss Miriam Beard's "The History of the Businessman" (Macmillan, 1938), the "perverts and maniacs who might succeed as monarchs but who never, even in the Renaissance, could manage a cloth factory." But the economic adventurers and engineers who through their imagination, audacity, and persistence have actually made life better for the common man have most often cut comic figures in the eyes of that same common man.

This general misunderstanding and unpopularity harass the spirit of the average American businessman. He yearns to lay claim to a defined, respected, and secure position in the social order, consonant with his intentions and his achievements; and, in these modern days, he has set out to promote his own image of himself by means of substantial public-relations programs. And don't think that a present-day public-relations program doesn't run into plenty of heavy weather. The modern businessman changes a price, either up or down, and there is always at least one politician who wants to hale him to Washington for a Congressional investigation, a Justice Department suit, or both. The executive goes out to the theatre, or tries to watch TV, and finds an ugly caricature of himself betraying his wife, friend, or brother in a drive for power. Press and pulpit attack his sales and advertising managers for their efforts to probe the consumer's subconscious and cater to it.

Surrounded by these unremitting, widespread evidences of hostility and rancor (for so they seem to the businessman), the modern corporation executive vaguely and plaintively ascribes their origin to Marx or the second Roosevelt. Not so, says Miss Beard, looking back over 3,000 years of recorded history. Such antagonisms have been endemic in all societies, whether headed by a king, the nobility, the landed gentry, a dictator, by warriors or by priests. In every form of society known to man, the businessman has had to contend with the recurring animus of the ruling political class, endure the barbs and strictures of writers, artists, comedians, and teachers, and suffer consequent unpopularity with the general public. Nor is it a comfort to the businessman to know that other occupational groups feel just as maligned and unappreciated.

The writer and moral philosopher, Seneca, observing the palatial homes being built by the rich Roman bourgeois, "tells how the rising parvenus bought books in sets to fill the shelves in their new abodes, even though they never peeped inside one of the volumes." This, then, is a hallowed charge of the literati against the businessman, skilfully revived by Scott

Here you'll find the peace the whole world is seeking...

Waterton Lakes National Park, just north of Montana, in the Province of Alberta, is one of a great chain of national and provincial parks stretching the length of Canada from British Columbia to Nova Scotia.

Here you'll find breathtaking mountain scenery . . . magnificent peaks of red, green and gold, carved by ancient glaciers and reflected in sparkling wilderness lakes. You can ride spectacular trails or motor along scenic highways and glimpse buffalo . . . grizzlies . . . Rocky Mountain sheep. There's fishing, golf and tennis . . . boating, camping and swimming in a vacationland that offers true peace and relaxation.

In a broader sense, Waterton Lakes National Park is a living testimonial to the peace and international friendship the whole world is seeking. In 1932 Waterton Lakes joined with Glacier National Park, its counterpart across the border in the United States, to form the International Peace Park, commemorating more than 100 years of peaceful relations between two great powers. Theirs is the longest undefended border in the world.

Mapmakers call it the 49th Parallel—but it actually has no parallel in the world today.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Waterton Lakes, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada, let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. For more Canadian information, write Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION... for its devotion to all phases of conservation. Through the foresight and good judgment of the Canadian Forestry Association, important advances have been made in the management of forests, wildlife, water and recreation areas for the benefit of both Canadian and U. S. citizens.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

Service, the moral of Mr. Girdler's article, is exemplified by an advertising campaign created for Sinclair Oil under his supervision. It stimulates public interest in our national parks and historic monuments—including good neighbor Canada in the example above—and offers a free touring service for motorists wishing to visit them.

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Fitzgerald in his memorable scene in Gatsby's library.

Precedents for today's popular sport of lampooning businessmen on television screen and in books go back a long way, we learn from Miss Beard. "The forerunner of the business suit of today," she says, "made its earliest dramatic appearance in the Italian *commedia dell'arte* in the closing part of the sixteenth century. It was worn by the comic stock figure of the Venetian merchant *Pantalone,* who gave his name to pantaloons. . . . He is a doddering, meddling, suspicious old fellow who does well enough in matters of finance, but remains unlucky in love," losing *Columbine* to *Harlequin.* Harlequin's family has left trade, and he is therefore home free as far as the dramatists are concerned. In the hands of Molière, the comic merchant Pantalone became M. Jourdain "The Bourgeois Gentilhomme." To seventeenth-century society, of course, the bite in that title was sharper than to us today. The idea that a businessman, a *bourgeois,* could also be a gentleman was good for a belly-laugh any place in Europe at that time.

Nor has the businessman ever fared too well with the clergy. There was, for instance, "Savonarola, the dark-browed depression phenomenon, the prophet of doom, who attacked business at a time of economic crisis, when even Florentines were discouraged and ready to renounce the world." Even the "charming, gentle, charitable, and laborious Archbishop Antoninus [a fifteenth-century archbishop of Florence, and in his day a famous theologian], who finally made business respectable within the Roman Church, by personal example and through his epochal work, 'The Summa Theologica,' was full of medieval doctrinaire notions," says Miss Beard. "Advertising which explains the real merits of an article is useful," Antoninus decided, "but that consisting only of *verba adulatoria,* words that flatter the consumer, is theologically reprehensible."

In other words, the appeal to the ego, to the reader's desire to think well of himself, was not considered cricket even then.

From Plato, who insisted that "the merchant must be degraded . . . never to share in the pure, ideal life of the ruling state," to Prussia, "where burghers and their wives were separated from personages of rank at palace receptions by a cord stretched across the ballroom," the businessman historically has been at odds with the ruling class.

But his real torture began, we learn, "with the creation of that magnificent seventeenth-century fiction—the State." "In varying degrees," says Miss Beard, "the States of Europe had become laboratories in which all sorts of curious and edifying experiments in controlling economic development were being performed . . . under the full pressure of autocracy, businesses were stunted or fostered by arbitrary decrees; industries were transplanted or uprooted; working habits and consumption habits were altered; immense shifts and dislocations were undertaken lightheartedly."

In England, the Government monopolized Bible printing, produced the howler "the *un*righteous shall inherit the earth" . . . in Prussia, the king's agents sniffed for the illicit coffee-bean in every street . . . in Bavaria, the dukes destroyed the native linen manufacture, wasted fortunes trying to hot-house a printed cotton industry . . . in France, a state campaign to crush the cotton industry cost the lives of 16,000 men in riots and hangings. Finally, Louis XIV stamped out capitalistic enterprise, decimated ports, impoverished centers of trade, and drove capital from the country."

Miss Beard finds two reasons for the businessman's continuing difficulties: 1) the businessman has no history, "and a man who lacks one nowadays may be said to go unarmed"; 2) "he has had no *wohir,* no whither, no discoverable, ultimate purpose." In other words, the businessman has never developed a creed historically or of the present that would explain him to the public and protect him against the recurring attacks of the other institutions comprising society.

Not that he hasn't sought a creed, an ideology to match those of the individuals and institutions bent on his annihilation. He has tried, according to Miss Beard, reliance on Fortuna, the guileful symbol and reminder of the uncertainty of things temporal. He has relied upon natural law, the inevitability of progress, and seen his shining new financial empires crash in ruins. Again and again he has returned to that noble concept of the Renaissance, the freedom of the individual, only to see the masses prefer security to liberty.

MORE than other businessmen, the American wants a creed, for "a vague unrest has filled him for a long time, which no professors and counselors have so far been able to allay. . . . No precedent can be found for his situation, amid a democratic multitude, still fond of the successful man, but ready to jeer at his slightest mistaken antic, and with revolution for its only tradition."

With this observation, Historian Beard approaches a recommendation that brings her within the pages of this issue of *The Saturday Review.* The shoemaker Filene, she notes, developed the formula of "Service" to society, and Miss Beard, rightly and from the vantage point of historical observation, terms it "one of the most potent ever devised."

It is, for incalculable service to society is inherent in the daily operations of almost every corporation. In the identification of the private corporate interest with a public need, in the extension of a private interest into a public service, lies one of the surest means by which the privately owned and managed company can dramatize its value and unique contribution to society. Herein lies the

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PUBLIC-SERVICE CAMPAIGNS: In the balloting for the overall Awards for Public Interest Advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public-service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories. (For a reproduction of the top winner in the Public Service category, please see page 56.)

COMPANY	AGENCY
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Convair (division of General Dynamics Corp.)	*Buchanan & Co., Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Car-talk)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
General Motors Corp. (Safety)	*Kudner Agency, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Maryland Casualty Co.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
National Steel Corp.	*Campbell-Ewald Co.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Norfolk & Western Railway	*Houck & Co., Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corp.	*Morey, Humm & Warwick, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Warner & Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*

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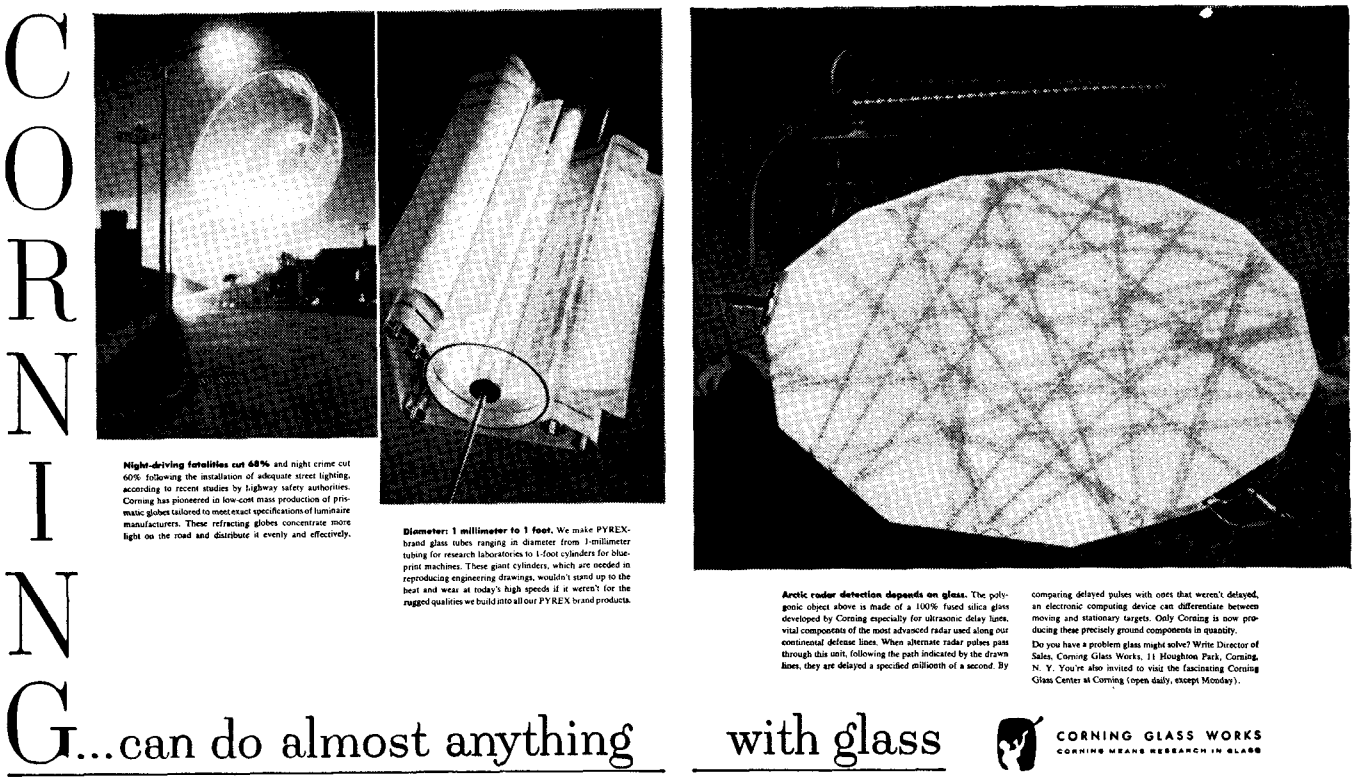
CORNING
Night-driving fatalities cut 68% and night crime cut 60% following the installation of adequate street lighting, according to recent studies by highway safety authorities. Corning has pioneered in low-cost mass production of prismatic globes tailored to meet exact specifications of luminaire manufacturers. These refracting globes concentrate more light on the road and distribute it evenly and effectively.
Diameter: 1 millimeter to 1 foot. We make PYREX-brand glass tubes ranging in diameter from 1-millimeter tubing for research laboratories to 1-foot cylinders for blueprint machines. These giant cylinders, which are needed in reproducing engineering drawings, wouldn't stand up to the heat and wear at today's high speeds if it weren't for the rugged qualities we build into all our PYREX brand products.
Arctic radar detection depends on glass. The polygonic object above is made of a 100% fused silica glass developed by Corning especially for ultrasonic delay lines, vital components of the most advanced radar used along our continental defense lines. When alternate radar pulses pass through this unit, following the path indicated by the drawn lines, they are delayed a specified millionth of a second. By comparing delayed pulses with ones that weren't delayed, an electronic computing device can differentiate between moving and stationary targets. Only Corning is now producing these precisely ground components in quantity.
Do you have a problem glass might solve? Write Director of Sales, Corning Glass Works, 11 Houghton Park, Corning, N. Y. You're also invited to visit the fascinating Corning Glass Center at Corning (open daily, except Monday).
...can do almost anything with glass
CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

TOP CORPORATE AD: For the second consecutive year, the Corning Glass Works campaign was selected by the judging committee as outstanding in the special category of corporate-image advertising. Originally in full color, this campaign—an example of which is reproduced above—dramatizes the research and development role of Corning in creating versatile types of glass for an increasing variety of consumer and industrial uses.

opportunity for the corporation to project itself as a "good" corporate personality, easily recognizable as such, and serving a recognizable public need.

This is scarcely an original observation. Others have seen it, but have said it in other words. This is the concept Denny Griswold, publisher of *Public Relations News,* is seeking to limn in her definition of public relations:

"Public Relations is the management function which evaluates public attitudes, *identifies the policies and procedures of an individual or an organization with the public interest,* and executes a program of action to earn public understanding and acceptance." (Italics ours.)

It is the concept around which John Hill, of Hill and Knowlton, steps from time to time in his recent book, "Corporate Public Relations" (Harpers, 1958). And public-relations practitioners by the hundreds, and corporation executives by the hundreds, have skirted the edges of the idea with that neat, crisp definition of public relations: "Being good and getting credit for it."

If there then exists a formula, known to businessmen and their counselors alike, which could help to win for business a *defined, respected, and secure* niche in organized society, the question obviously follows: Why hasn't business achieved the goal it so very much desires, and upon which it lavishes millions yearly in the name of public relations?

LIKE the answer to any other obvious question, the answer to this one needs some spelling out.

In the first place, if there is any point to the study of history, it is to learn basic lessons from the past, and apply them correctly to the present. The Founding Fathers of this Republic, historians generally acknowledge, did just that, and did it well. Miss Beard is right when she accuses businessmen of not knowing business history, and of having memories that scarcely run back to the last Depression.

Nor does the businessman realize the legitimacy of the modern corporation's claim to a rightful place in society. No king ever had a more legitimate, honorable, and unquestioned right to a throne than the modern corporation has to a respected and secure place in the body politic. Its lineage is distinguished, its pedigree honorable and established. But of these historical facts and their

CORPORATE CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Aluminum Co. of America	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Aluminum from Canada	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Boeing Airplane Co.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank (Corporate)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Corning Glass Works	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Equitable Life Assurance Society	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Esso Research	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Rand McNally & Co.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
Shell Chemical	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Time, Inc. ("Know" Campaign)	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corp.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
Westinghouse Electric Co.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

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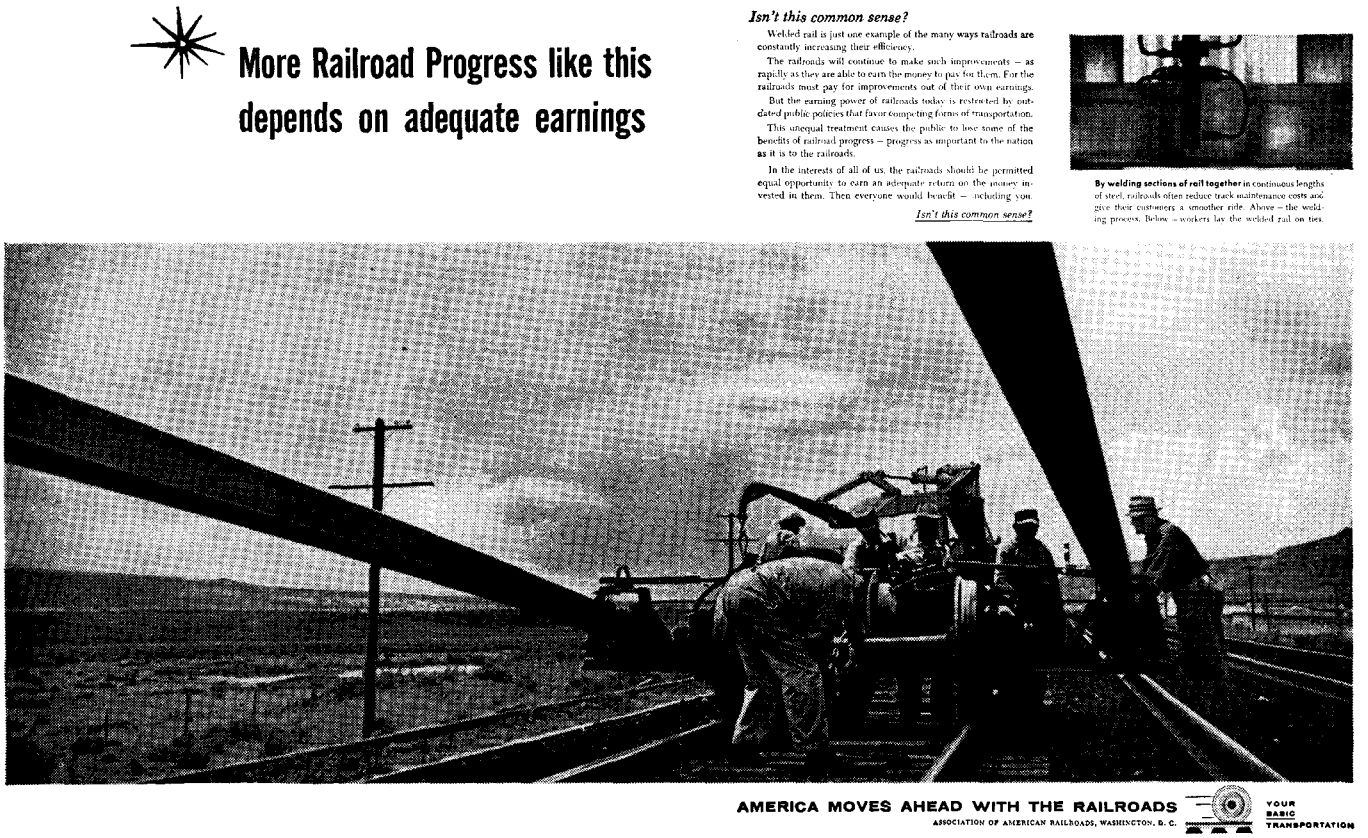
More Railroad Progress like this depends on adequate earnings
Isn't this common sense?
Welded rail is just one example of the many ways railroads are constantly increasing their efficiency.
The railroads will continue to make such improvements – as rapidly as they are able to earn the money to pay for them. For the railroads must pay for improvements out of their own earnings.
But the earning power of railroads today is restricted by outdated public policies that favor competing forms of transportation.
This unequal treatment causes the public to lose some of the benefits of railroad progress – progress as important to the nation as it is to the railroads.
In the interests of all of us, the railroads should be permitted equal opportunity to earn an adequate return on the money invested in them. Then everyone would benefit – including you.
Isn't this common sense?
By welding sections of rail together in continuous lengths of steel, railroads often reduce track maintenance costs and give their customers a smoother ride. Above – the welding process. Below – workers lay the welded rail on ties.
AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
YOUR BASIC TRANSPORTATION

TOP PUBLIC RELATIONS ADS: For the first time this year two notable campaigns tied in the voting of the judges in the special category of public-relations advertising. In an exceptionally strong field, the top ballots went to the Association of American Railroads (above) and the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico (opposite page). Created in full color, the Puerto Rico campaign, which also won in this category last year, is designed to present the many-faceted appeals and advantages of the island's life and culture to persons on the mainland who are contemplating visiting, living, or working there. Also appearing originally in full color, the campaign of the Association of American Railroads is aimed at generating broad public understanding of the essential service performed for our economy by the nation's railroads and the stake our society has, therefore, in providing equitable conditions of competition and regulation for these indispensable carriers.

pertinence to modern public debate the business executive seems to know little. Or if he is aware of the honorable antecedents of the type of organization he directs, and their potential value in establishing for him a secure, respected, and publicly accepted place in society, he gives little sign of it.

Yet these facts were all set out for him by Dr. W. R. Scott, lecturer in political economy at Cambridge, in 1912. In his towering, three-volume work, "The Constitution and Finance of English, Scottish and Irish Joint-Stock Companies to 1720," Dr. Scott traces the growth of the concept of "perpetual succession," of the idea of a corporate body's having a life of its own, independent of the lives of the human beings operating it. This concept was rooted in custom and sanctioned by law through the guilds hundreds of years before Sebastian Cabot co-founded *"the Mysterie and Companie of Marchants Adventurers for the discoverie of regions, dominions, islands and places unknown,"* which Scott says was one of the two first joint-stock bodies we would now call "a corporation."

The rights of shareholders, the negotiability of pieces of the common stock, the necessary divisions of rights and responsibilities of the various elements of a corporation all derive from custom, tradition, and law long established and recognized. Many of the challenges to corporate action and corporate management today are challenges against thousands of years of experience, tradition, custom, and law.

Scott also clearly portrays the services the corporate firm first performed for England, enabling that people to launch and nourish voyages of discovery, engage in foreign trade, develop new inventions and finance governments with an efficiency no other form of economic organization could equal then or can equal now. Now and then a William McChesney Martin, Jr., will arise to show his familiarity with Scott in the effective policies by which he restores the New York Stock Exchange to respectability and dignity, or controls the nation's credit with rare understanding and sagacity. But such deep, historical understanding, and its practical value today, seem lacking in most modern business leaders when they seek to engage in public debate on politics and economics. They are overlooking a powerful arsenal.

Being little acquainted with history, the modern executive has incorrectly looked upon his public relations problems as born of the New Deal, and destined someday to die with it. It is Miss Beard's special contribution that she has demonstrated that these antagonisms, hostilities, misunderstandings, call them what you will, which the businessman regards as of fairly recent and dubious origin, are built into every society of which we have had any knowledge, and will rise and fall with the standard economic indices.

The businessman, therefore, must reckon as permanent his differences of opinion with the ruling political power. He must accept as permanent the skepticism and hostility of the dramatist, the artist, the poet, the teacher, and often the clergy. He must face the fact that he must take these inherent antagonisms into daily account, even as he does the resistance of the consumer, the bargaining power of his labor, and the economics

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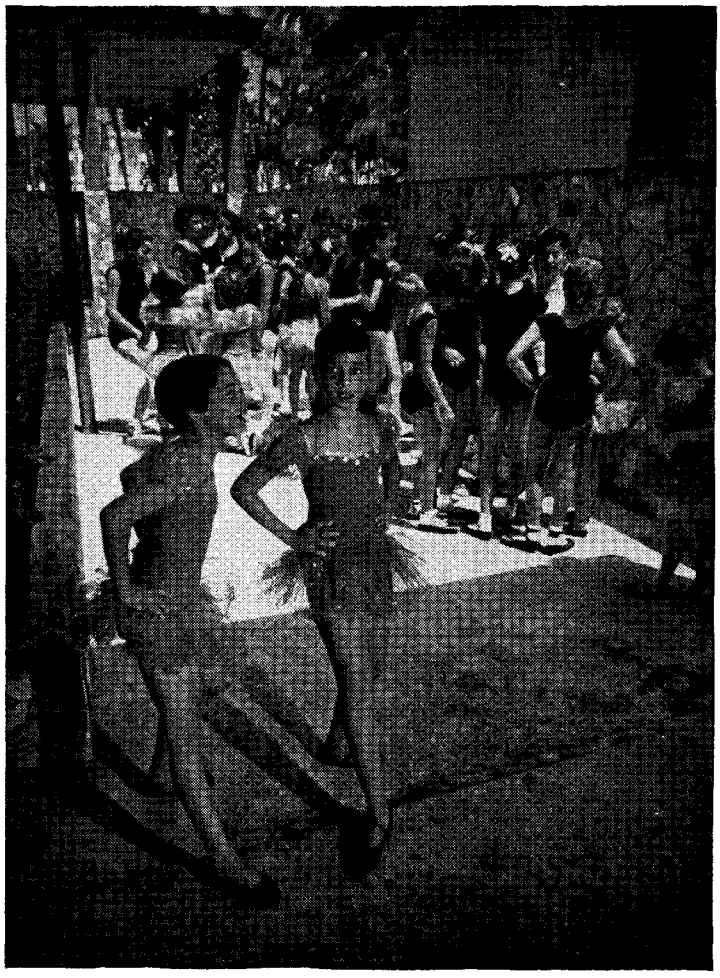

Puerto Rico will surprise you

THIS IS Lotti Tischer's ballet school in San Juan, the old Spanish capital of Puerto Rico. In the sun, the warmth is friendly. In the shade, the breeze is champagne cool.

Lotti Tischer's is one of half-a-dozen such schools now thriving in this exciting new Commonwealth. Fifty or more pupils come here to learn their pirouettes and fouettés, their bourrées and their entrechats. Classes are conducted in Spanish and English. Fifteen of Lotti's students are daughters of executives from the U.S.A.

Many visitors are surprised to find such lively signs of cultural renaissance in Puerto Rico today. But when you look around at the new homes, the new schools, the new highways—you begin to see why this land is so buoyant with hope.

The impetus comes from Operation Bootstrap, the industrial development program which is doing so much more than raising Puerto Rico's standard of living. It is giving *dignity* to man's labor. It is giving the old Spanish culture a richer leisure to express itself.

If your firm is considering the powerful incentives that Operation Bootstrap now offers to new industry, take time out for a personal reconnaissance. Your family will love the open-air life. And maybe your daughter will win a scholarship to Sadler's Wells; one of Lotti Tischer's Puerto Rican students did.

©1957 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

◀ *Open-air ballet class in a residential section of San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

of transportation as they affect him and his competitors. These manifestations of other institutions are not just bothersome flies that will disappear with a kindly, killing frost—they are permanent forces which figure into his consolidated income account and, curiously, when properly used, can figure *profitably* in that all-important final summation.

IF HE succeeds in making this mental adjustment, what then, is his next step?

He can then follow the advice given so many times by his associates, and by John Hill, Mrs. Griswold, and *SR*'s William Patterson and Elmo Roper, and hundreds of others interested in public relations. He must "Do good, and get credit for it." To do this, he can, for instance, follow the example of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He can identify a private corporate interest with a public need. He can extend a private interest into a public service. To his astonishment, he may then find himself with a potent public-relations formula.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is the largest agglomeration of capital in the world. As such, it strides about in awesome dimensions that could, in another aspect, frighten the people into destructive panic. Such has been the fate of many lesser capital aggregations. But the Metropolitan presents quite another face to the American people. To the American public it is a warm-hearted, human institution vitally interested in keeping the average citizen healthy. For thirty-six years, through its public-health advertising, the Metropolitan has ministered tenderly to the average American's heart, his bowels, spleen and other organs in words and pictures of genuine helpfulness and exemplary clarity. It has successfully identified its private corporate interest in having people outlive the actuarial tables with the individual's foremost concern—his health.

The Metropolitan Life has executed this program primarily in the form of paid advertising. And this has misled the johnny-come-latelys to the field of public relations. It never occurs to some of them, simply because it is executed through the form of paid advertising, that here is one of the

PUBLIC RELATIONS CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners follows:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Assn. of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
British Travel Assn.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corp. of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Convair (division of General Dynamics Corp.)	*Buchanan & Co., Inc.*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Puerto Rico Commonwealth	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Warner & Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*

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most effective public relations programs ever devised.

Assuming then, that the modern corporation executive admits that public relations will always be with him, and that a potent formula for a program can be found according to Hill, Griswold, *et al.*, what is the third essential step?

He must then make the supreme sacrifice: He must give up his corporate self-centeredness and, instead of thinking from his executive suite outward, he must first concern himself with the viewpoint, the preoccupations, the loves, and the laughter of the people whose understanding he is seeking. Until he understands them, he can never hope for reciprocal understanding. It is at this point that we encounter the most obvious reason for the obvious failures of most so-called public-relations programs. The man who pays the piper is under the irresistible temptation to call the tune. By God, he's paying the money, and he's going to tell 'em what he wants 'em told, whether they want to hear it or not, and no matter how scattered, complicated, and disparate his messages and the media carrying them. So he sends his messages out by personal representatives, by mailed copies of speeches, by news releases and by other media at his command, to try to grab 170 million preoccupied people by the lapels and lecture them into loving him and his company. Inevitably, he seeks to cram down 170 million throats a tangled text of facts and figures of no interest to anyone but himself. If it were not so tragic for the basic principles of the Republic, this spectacle, apparent daily in our lives, would be laughable.

There is one other must for American business. This is the necessity for couching its programs in the dramatic simplicity that distinguishes the attacks of its adversaries. "Triple A Plowed Under," "One Third of a Nation," "The 200 Thriftiest Families," "Merchants of Death," "The River." Here are titles and phrases that evoke memories of words and tableaux that raised bleeding welts on the body of private enterprise only a few short years ago. Each was an example of simplified, dramatic presentation of a single idea.

Can the American businessman match the simple, direct weapons of his antagonists? Precedent suggests an affirmative answer. The men who built the first big American companies were masters of simplicity. They organized a company, they selected a trademark, they devised a slogan. And in the limited media then at their command, they launched these simple words and symbols, and repeated them, and repeated them *ad nauseam*, until they became part and parcel of the lives of everyone who lives today.

The rock of Gibraltar, the stag of Hartford, Bull Durham, the Dutch Boy, the Gold Dust Twins, "Hasn't Scratched Yet," "Ask the Man Who Owns One." Does any American over forty have to be told the corporate name or the product associated with these words? Yet how many corporations apply this technique to their public relations programs today?

SOMEWHERE, sometime, during the evolution of Madison Avenue, the genius of business for simplicity, and its instinctive understanding of the public mind, was lost in a maze of account executives, copywriters, and plans boards. Business and its counselors have forgotten the potency of the single idea and the power of repetition. Instead, they try to sell ten chapters of fundamental economics to 170 million people in succeeding instalments.

The moral is obvious: *A public-relations program must not only be founded in genuine public service, but it must be expressed with the great drama of which simplicity alone is capable.* It can never be accomplished by the complicated, self-centered forms and substances which pass for public-relations programs today, and

Every man in Alcatraz was once a boy...
No man who ever lived was born to be bad — not Cain or Capone, not Herod or Hitler, not vagrant, liar or thief, not addict or morals offender, not gambler, forger or killer. Physical weaknesses can be inherited, but not moral ones; to suggest otherwise is to absolve from blame any man who ever violated the laws of his land or his Creator.
It's been said with great truth that there's no such thing as a bad boy — and yet every man in Alcatraz was once a boy.
What is it, then, that turns a good boy into a bad man?
In a sense, it's his legs. As they lengthen, they begin to take him farther and farther from home. They separate him from whatever degree of discipline and guidance he's known, and put him increasingly "on his own." For the first time since his first breath of life, they begin to expose him to the temptations, fears and frustrations he'll encounter until his last one.
A boy's body grows faster than his mind. If he can find decent environment away from home, if he can be given something worthwhile to occupy his time until his brain catches up with his body, there's a far greater chance that a good boy will become a good man.
That's the philosophy of Scouting. During the past 47 years, the Boy Scouts of America have laid hold of millions of our boys at this crucial, crossroads stage of their lives, and by developing courage and moral stamina have made it easier, for the rest of their lives, for them to resist the things they know are wrong. Scouting gives a boy an honorable and worthwhile objective, and teaches him how to cooperate as well as how to compete in achieving it. It makes him realize that within himself he has the power of accomplishment, and builds his self-respect. It gives him a chance to be recognized by others for the time and effort he puts into achievement. It starts him off with a pledge which no other ambition can surpass — "On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country..."
No parent, no minister, no teacher can ever be sure that their influence on a boy unfailingly will make him a good man. In walking to manhood with a boy, all any adult can do is the same thing the Boy Scout pledges — *his best.* But millions of parents rest easier, day and night, because they know that in the Boy Scouts of America they have a strong ally also doing its skillful best to help their boys become good men.
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
47th Anniversary
February 6-12
Norfolk and Western Railway

TOP PUBLIC SERVICE AD: Reproduced above is the advertisement named by the judges as a leading example of public-service advertising. Taken from the campaign of the Norfolk and Western Railway, it pays tribute to the work of the Boy Scouts of America in helping turn boys into good men. The overall campaign paid tribute to a number of socially useful institutions in America.

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on which so many millions of dollars are being wasted.

Never did private enterprise have such an opportunity as it has today to carve out, in organized society the world over, a place for itself that is clearly defined, respected, and secure. In the early Thirties the Socialist blueprint looked beautiful to many. But since then we have had Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Korea, and finally Hungary. People are beginning to learn that someone must organize the world's work. Organized by the state, the end result must be a minimum of human liberty. Organized by private individuals, the end result . . . ? In their public-relations programs, let American companies dramatically portray the social and economic contributions each is making as an inherent part of its operations. Then people in the mass may get a better understanding of the virtues of, and interdependence of, capitalism, democracy, well-being, and freedom.

IF only some one would show her the way...

Emotional disturbance is a problem millions of Americans face today. UNDERSTANDING is the most precious gift you can give these troubled people—for as your help grows, their hope of recovery increases.

Many people that you see every day—on the street, at work, even in your home—are suffering from emotional disturbances. Some of these people are being helped. Many more need help.

A better understanding, by all citizens of the subject of emotional and mental health is of the greatest importance—if we are to check this growing problem, which affects 16 million or more Americans today.

You can help best by acquainting yourself with the truth about emotional and mental illness. It is closer to you than you think. It could occur in your family. Find out how to deal with it, how it can be treated. Work with your local mental health association.

FREE BOOKLET: If you know some one who needs help or would like a better understanding of mental health, send for a copy of "How To Deal With Your Tensions. Write to Better Mental Health, Box 2500, New York 1, N. Y.

MENTAL HEALTH

PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISING: One of the top examples of voluntary public-service advertising selected by the judges is reproduced above. It focuses attention on the overwhelming problem of mental health—a social concern which is generally still treated in far too Victorian a manner—and is one of the many public-service campaigns created and sponsored by The Advertising Council. Many public service messages have been carried to the American public by national magazines, newspapers, and radio, and television stations, who contributed free space or time for Council-approved projects. The massive act of public communication carried out through The Advertising Council's program is indicated by the annual audience their advertising messages reach through the cooperation of the nation's media: some 11 billion TV and radio home impressions and nearly 9 billion newspaper readers, plus comparable billions of magazine readers.

SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the television and radio programs cited by *The Saturday Review*'s 1958 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — NBC NEWS — NBC-TV AND RADIO
"For independence of editorial opinion. The team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley perform responsibly at a general level much above what passes for news coverage elsewhere. This program, as a matter of fact, is symptomatic of the general emergence of NBC as the leader in radio and television news coverage. Leon Pearson is another example of their independent, able news analysts and reporters."

THE TEXAS COMPANY — THE METROPOLITAN OPERA — ABC-RADIO
"For faithful devotion year after year to the U. S. music-loving public."

HALLMARK GREETING CARDS — "HALLMARK HALL OF FAME" — NBC-TV
"For giving talent a free rein, generous budget and full opportunity to present serious works of art to the public; with special mention to 'The Green Pastures,' which handled with great sensitivity and restraint the simplicity and delicacy of this remarkable religious fable."

INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORP.
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS — "SEE IT NOW" — CBS-TV
"For objective, courageous reporting in depth, for continued superb journalism that focused with imagination and sound judgment on areas of top interest in the national and international scene; with special mention to 'The Lady from Philadelphia,' which was an outstanding example of the resources of broadcasting being used for great human purposes, one of the great programs of the year."

ALUMINIUM LTD.
UNION CARBIDE CORP. — "THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON" — NBC-TV
"For a deeply moving, unusually perceptive production by 'Omnibus' that made a great figure out of the past come alive as the remarkable human being he was; for a superb script whose values were fully transmitted in the distinguished performance by Peter Ustinov."

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSN.
AMERICAN MOTORS CORP.
DERBY FOODS, INC.
GENERAL MILLS, INC. — "DISNEYLAND" — ABC-TV
REYNOLDS METALS CO.
SWIFT & CO.
"For destroying the stereotyped notion that children will not watch a first-class show, for programs which are skilful, impressive, and imaginative, instead of vulgar, violent, or silly."

The following programs were runners-up in the close voting:

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. — "THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE" — ABC-TV
"For an insistence on sound music programming of high standards for a popular audience despite the pressure of a previous network to subordinate standards to ratings."

DRACKETT CO.
EDSEL DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR CO. — "WAGON TRAIN" — NBC-TV
LEWIS HOWE CO.
"For being the best of the current crop of Westerns. If we have to have this type of show—and apparently we do—then this is the way it should be done: a bold, refreshing change in format in which none of the leading characters is either omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent; with an emphasis on character rather than pointless violence."

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — NBC-OPERA — NBC-TV
"For original and valuable presentation of opera to a mass audience, a splendid achievement in maintaining high standards and meeting the cultural responsibilities of a great medium of public communication."

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM — "SEVEN LIVELY ARTS" — CBS-TV
"For an adult effort of high taste to bring significant aspects of our culture in meaningful terms to the attention of a mass audience."

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM — "INTERVIEW WITH KHRUSHCHEV" — CBS-TV
"For alert, imaginative, audacious news broadcasting, a genuine coup by 'Face the Nation,' whose staff then had to witness a deplorable public apology for their achievement by their own network because of undiscerning comment in high public places."

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*"Big enough to illuminate the darkest corners . . ."**

James R. Adams

Co-founder,
MacManus, John & Adams, Inc.

SPARKS OFF MY ANVIL

FROM THIRTY YEARS IN ADVERTISING

"This is a book for the whole human race . . . Like the author it is unpretentious and honest, and reflects the qualities of mind and heart of one of the titans of advertising. There is much to gain from learning about the lives of men like James R. Adams, and there are even more riches in reflection about them . . . The legacy of a wise and literate man." —*J. R. COMINSKY, *Saturday Review*

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

Droll HUMORIST—Discerning ANALYST

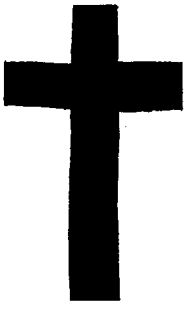
HON. HAROLD C. KESSINGER

PROGRAM ASSOCIATES—Utica, New York

The new *Blanshard*
The facts after ten years

American Freedom and Catholic Power, 1958

by PAUL BLANSHARD



The first edition of Blanshard's famous classic has stood like Gibraltar over the years against every criticism. In this new edition, he provides a Calendar of Significant Events, 1947-57; adds fresh analyses of new Supreme Court decisions; hundreds of new documentary sources. . . . The indispensable reference book. $3.95

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Double Disaster

Continued from page 26

are essential to the nation's security.

But there is no security in polluting our air and fouling our food.

There is no security in cutting ourselves off from the good will of the overwhelming majority of peoples in the world.

There is no security in an insane race for weapons of obliteration that no longer have any military justification, for when these weapons are used the result will not be victory but mutual suicide.

There is no security in distributing nuclear weapons around the world to various nations when the careless use of such weapons could easily start a chain reaction leading to world nuclear war.

THAT is why our response to the Soviet requires something more substantial and meaningful than a routine reply in the context of the Cold War.

If we are to hold our own in the world, if we are to move towards a meaningful peace, then we must come up with a daring program of our own. We must put into action specific points of that program at once.

We can accept the challenge of the Soviet on the matter of nuclear testing but say that we do not propose to stop there. We want to set up machinery to insure such a ban.

We can say we are prepared immediately to act on the question of control over existing stockpiles.

We can say we are prepared immediately to act on the question of reducing those stockpiles under United Nations auspices, with a plan for inspection and control, and challenge the Soviet to do the same.

We can put an end to the nightmare of the proposed distribution of nuclear weapons and materials to our allies in the world. A French colonel in an American plane bombed an Algerian village. The bombing was said to be unauthorized. It will be no consolation to the survivor of a nuclear war to be told that the explosion that started that war was unauthorized.

We can say that control over arms is but a start on the larger problem of the peace and that we are prepared to act immediately to give the United Nations the kind of responsible powers that can deal with basic causes of war.

We can challenge the Soviet Union to a competition in the mobilization of our respective energies and resources in an attack on the basic problems of mankind.

This is where sanity begins—if we are interested in sanity. —N. C.

A delightful houseparty in Sussex . . . a grotesque painting . . . a beautiful corpse AND Horatio Green, Detective! What more can the connoisseur of mystery ask?

The Rich Die Hard

by **BEVERLEY NICHOLS**

Author of DEATH TO SLOW MUSIC

$2.95 at your bookstore

DUTTON

ROBERT GRAVES

5 pens in hand

The many faceted Mr. Graves offers some sixty intriguing essays, stories and poems that are "more revealing than most autobiographies . . . The full-blooded personality they exhibit is a salutary phenomenon in our world of letters." — MOSES HADAS, Saturday Review

$4.50 • DOUBLEDAY

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—This company is now in the market for manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 71—*it's free.* Vantage Press, 120 W. 31st St., New York 1. *(Midwest Office: 220 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.)*

the CARE of DEVILS

A Novel by **SYLVIA PRESS**

Senator Cochrane's investigations of "subversives" were making headlines daily, and the country was in a turmoil when Ellen Simon, a trusted security worker for 12 years, was suddenly named for questioning. For 7 weeks she was badgered, accused, cross-questioned. Her private life was made a shambles and her most personal memories were defiled . . . but she came up fighting. Author knows the terrain intimately. $3.50

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1256

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A maidservant's beau (colloq.).	143 19 192 60 171 194 123 52
B. Feeling sorry for (one's shortcomings, etc.); penitent.	196 28 188 168 203 64 135 1 102
C. Bountifully.	24 146 163 130 206
D. Render helpless by perplexity.	126 199 99 191 5 113 139
E. Increasing.	152 70 53 169 78 193 175 21
F. Brandy (3 French wds.).	184 37 63 75 197 124 103 204
G. Muddled with alcohol or infatuation.	187 104 155 35 164 23
H. Two-wheeled chariot of ancient Gauls and Britons.	117 61 77 195 200
I. Barbarous contrivance used in old time (probably neither often nor successfully) by the suspicious husband to assure his wife's faithfulness while he was away (2 wds.).	15 178 47 71 172 166 100 25 112 125 6 140
J. A liberal gift.	59 145 67 198 115 11 134 159
K. Difficult design for living in England, aftermath of World War II.	72 160 143 170 69 85 186 177 49
L. What the minister might say to bride and groom just before dictating their vows (3 wds.).	149 82 34 189 157 44 179 84 12 147 161 50 74
M. Containing hornlike fibers.	176 93 142 58 17 86 111 76
N. Anatomy's word for the brain.	79 40 120 31 207 185 94 97 2 68
O. Get the better of other than material objects.	150 116 153 92 183 141 87 10
P. A place to walk on.	30 190 8 54 107 121 33
Q. Warden of a castle or fort.	41 65 16 3 109 131 4 202 105
R. Put on.	98 20 128 66 137 208
S. Oblong piece of skin from which gloves are cut.	95 118 56 154 167
T. Western county of England whose chief river is the Severn.	201 132 73 181 96 18 55 174 110 42
U. Adversary.	26 38 88 129 205 106 48 127 43 122
V. Hitler's "master" race.	57 62 27 81 13 144
W. Simple line drawing amusingly interpreted by Roger Price.	7 45 162 22 83 165 138
X. Great; powerful.	151 133 32 173 114 46
Y. Rare word for sorrow.	90 91 156 36 9 29 108 119
Z. Lacking in warmth or interest.	136 51 182 14 89 101 158 39 80 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 B	2 N	3 Q	■	4 Q	5 D	6 I	■	7 W	8 P	9 Y	10 O	11 J	12 L	13 V	14 Z	■	15 I
16 Q	17 M	18 T	■	19 A	20 R	■	21 E	22 W	23 G	24 C	25 I	■	26 U	27 V	28 B	■	29 Y
30 P	■	31 N	32 X	33 P	34 L	35 G	36 Y	37 F	38 U	■	39 Z	40 N	41 Q	42 T	43 U	44 L	45 W
46 X	■	47 I	48 U	49 K	■	50 L	51 Z	52 A	53 E	■	54 P	55 T	56 S	57 V	■	58 M	59 J
60 A	■	61 H	62 V	63 F	64 B	65 Q	66 R	67 J	68 N	69 K	70 E	71 I	■	72 K	73 T	74 L	■
75 F	76 M	77 H	78 E	79 N	80 Z	81 V	82 L	83 W	■	84 L	85 K	86 M	87 O	■	88 U	89 Z	90 Y
■	91 Y	92 O	93 M	94 N	95 S	■	96 T	97 N	98 R	99 D	100 I	101 Z	102 B	103 F	104 G	105 Q	■
106 U	107 P	108 Y	109 Q	110 T	111 M	■	112 I	113 D	114 X	■	115 J	116 O	117 H	118 S	119 Y	■	120 N
121 P	122 U	■	123 A	124 F	125 I	126 D	■	127 U	128 R	■	129 U	130 C	131 Q	■	132 T	133 X	134 J
■	135 B	136 Z	137 R	138 W	139 D	140 I	141 O	142 M	143 K	■	144 V	145 J	146 C	147 L	■	148 A	149 L
150 O	151 X	■	152 E	153 O	154 S	155 G	156 Y	157 L	158 Z	■	159 J	160 K	161 L	162 W	163 C	164 G	■
165 W	166 I	167 S	168 B	169 E	■	170 K	171 A	■	172 I	173 X	174 T	175 E	176 M	■	177 K	178 I	179 L
180 Z	■	181 T	182 Z	183 O	184 F	■	185 N	186 K	187 G	■	188 B	189 L	190 P	191 D	192 A	193 E	■
194 A	195 H	196 B	197 F	■	198 J	199 D	200 H	201 T	■	202 Q	203 B	■	204 F	205 U	206 C	207 N	208 R

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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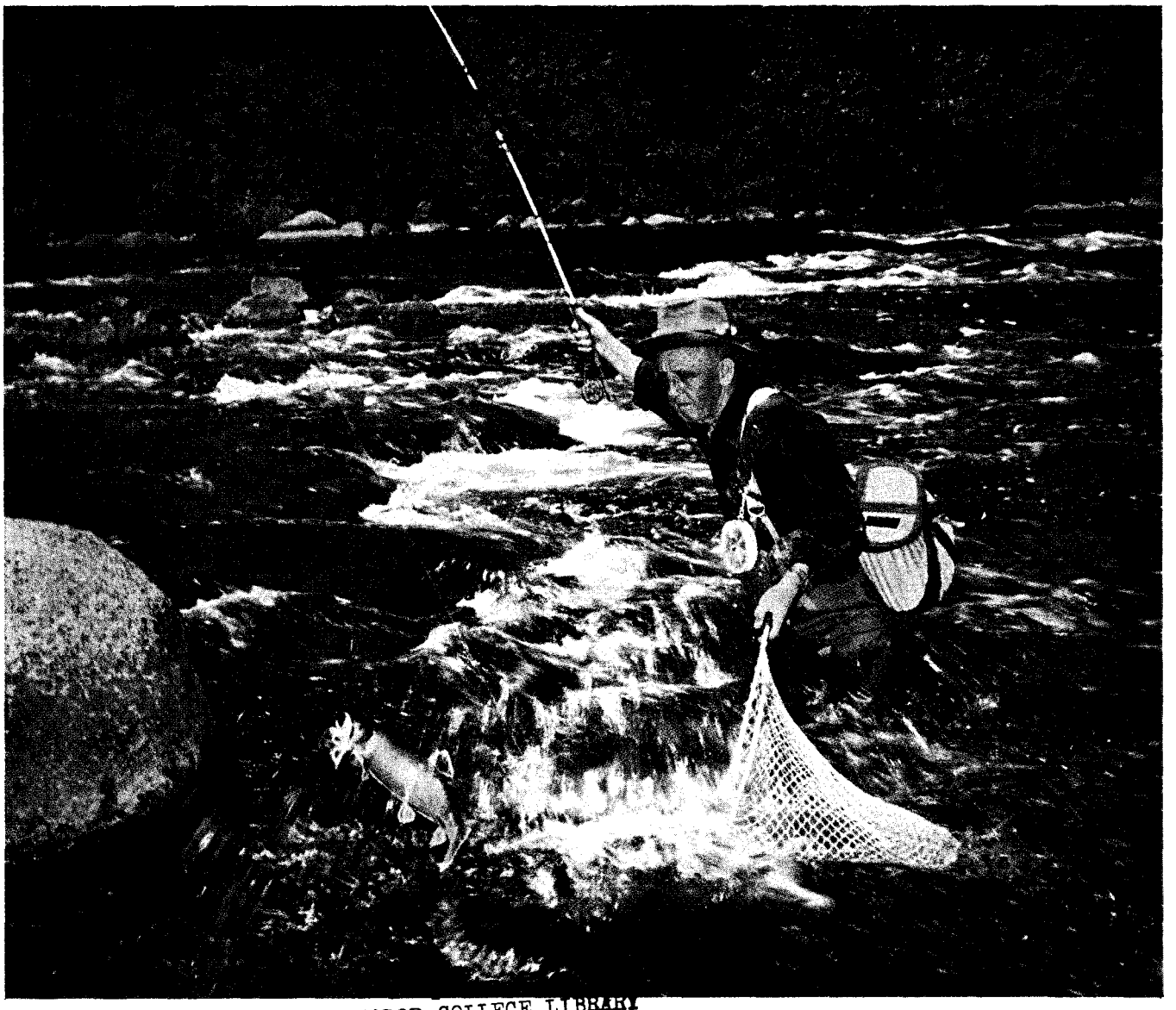

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Vacationers net lots of big ones at Superior National Forest, Minn.

Yours—the natural beauties that didn't get away

The fishing's great in the lakes and streams of your National Forests, *and there's a reason.* The forests themselves might have been abandoned. But wise men loved them, and *conserved* them for you and your children — and there they stand in all their wild and wonderful greatness.

Superior National Forest, in Minnesota's Arrowhead country, is one of the most beautiful. Here is a pristine wilderness. On thousands of lakes and streams, canoe trips take you where your heart leaps with the leaping trout as he walks on his tail shaking the lure.

You can follow pioneer fur-traders' paths through the Gunflint wilderness... along rushing streams *unchanged* since Hiawatha came this way to ask the Arrowmaker for the hand of Minnehaha.

Thanks to the U.S. Forest Service and the Forest Rangers, vast areas in your National Forests remain as the Great Spirit Manitou made them — green-arched temples that offer you and every American the *magic medicine* of Nature's unspoiled beauty.

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to visit Superior National Forest, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.—Also ask for our colorful National Forest Vacation booklet.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE SPORT FISHING INSTITUTE...

for *"shortening the time between bites"* for America's 25 million anglers. As a national guiding force for conservation, the Institute has stimulated *much-needed* research and education to develop marine and fresh-water fishing, and has *succeeded in doubling* sport fishing opportunities through the promotion of progressive methods of fish conservation.

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